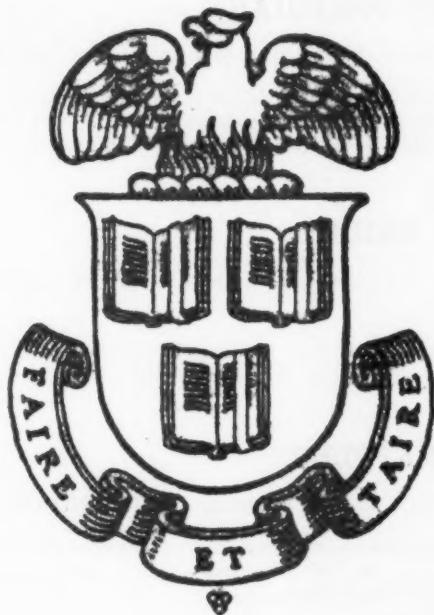


MARCH 15, 1897.

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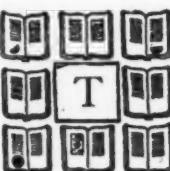
A FAIRY TALE

BOOKS RECEIVED

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NOTES

 HE trustees of the Newark free public library have acted well and boldly in withdrawing from their reading-room the New York *World* and *Journal*. The first step towards improving our press is obviously to refuse to support it in its vicious and degraded forms. If every man who wept over the degeneracy of American journalism were to make it a rule never to buy any but the best and cleanest papers, we should soon have "reformation in a flood." Unfortunately, that is just what people will not do. The difficulty in matters of this kind is to bring it home to the individual man that it is his

duty — his moral duty, almost; certainly his duty as a citizen — to encourage pure journalism, and do what he can to stamp out vulgarity and sensationalism by not buying the papers that traffic in them. The example of the Newark librarians may very possibly be followed by other public bodies. No body of men in their senses could deliberately vote for the retention of the New York *Journal* in a library frequented by women and children. But it is a good deal easier to convince a meeting than an individual, and the reformation of our press can come through individual effort alone. Every man who disapproves of the abominations of Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Hearst should start a domestic crusade against them among his friends. It is not an easy business, for people cling like furies to their favorite paper. That wooden-faced man in spectacles, for instance. How can you convince a wooden-faced man in spectacles that he ought not to read the *Journal*? Still, the attempt must be made, and, with time and patience, it is certain to succeed. A humane Providence never intended America to be flooded by New York's journalistic sewers for all time.

It is a real pleasure to record a victory for the critics. Reviewers in general have to spend most of their time nowadays knocking down the little literary idols which professional enthusiasts with large and most mischievous hearts — men like Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Arthur Waugh — bid the public bow down to. It is not a pleasant task, and they get no thanks for their trouble; rather, indeed, the reverse. But it has to be done, and at times it happens that the reward is great and unexpected. Such has been the case with a book recently published in London by Mr. George Redway, *Four Generations of a Literary Family*, by W. Carew Hazlitt. Mr. Hazlitt is a descendant of the great critic, a sort of Percy Fitzgerald *manqué*, a clever compiler of biographies and sketches of writers and their times. He has done reputable work in the past, and the log-rollers thought it safe to announce that *Four Generations of a Literary Family* would be the book of the season. When it was published, however, the reviewers fell upon it with cheerful unanimity. It was found to be a vulgar, slovenly performance, adding practically nothing to our knowledge of William Hazlitt, full of idle, pointless tittle-tattle and indefensible scandal about living writers. Not a good word was said for it, and the publisher was sensible enough to withdraw it from circulation before a week was over.

An incident like this shows pretty clearly that literature has more to fear from the novelist and biographer than from the reviewer. Talk of the irresponsible critic! The real nuisance is the irresponsible writer. A biographer now is quite unhappy unless taking liberties with somebody's reputation,—a relative's by choice. The writers of an elder day drew the line at libeling their own kith and kin. They were content with sacrificing a dear friend on the public altar. Dickens and Thackeray were adepts at the gentle art. So, too, was Charlotte Brontë, and Du Maurier lived long enough to show he was a skillful pupil. But we have progressed since then, and Du Maurier's conservatism was quite out of tune with the modern spirit. To put Mr. Whistler, a mere friend, into one of his novels was distinctly reactionary. Two recent biographies point the real path for the advance of literature. Mr. P. G. Hamerton, in his posthumously published autobiography, has spared no detail in his picture of his father as a drunken, cruel, and vicious wretch; and Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, in the *Story of My Life*, exposes his relatives with indiscriminate complacency. He is most brutal, perhaps, towards his mother; though, to be sure, he is scarcely less vindictive towards his uncles and brothers and aunts. Mr. Hazlitt made, apparently, the mistake of only slandering friends and acquaintances. That is altogether too tame. The reading public is growing used to looking upon a biography as a sort of domestic cordite factory for the blowing up of reputations, and it will tolerate no backward steps.

A London literary journal was lost in wonder, about two weeks ago, at the minute curiosity of Americans concerning the small fry of English writers. Our appreciation of the English classics it could understand; but why, it asked, "is no literary happening in London, no bubble reputation, no quarrel of author and publisher, no rivalry of editors, no personal peculiarity of a second-rate writer, too remote or trivial to be paragraphed with gusto in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia?" Because, for one thing, these interesting items are not thought too insignificant to be written about in London; and having as yet no recognized literary center of our own, we are forced to look to England for our news; having, also, a very small supply of literary cranks and oddities, compared with the generous London growth, we have to import the material for our amusement. Because, for another, our intellectual curiosity is boundless, and we have to take the good with the bad. If we are curious about Mr. Richard Le Gallienne and his glorious company of log-rollers, it is because such gentlemen throw an interesting light on literary life in London. And, after all, London is the place where bubble reputations are blown and America where they are pricked. We have to keep a sharp lookout for these curiosities, to

know how to deal with them when they come after our unwilling dollars. They all do come, sooner or later, and some of them, no doubt, are grateful to that healthy, lively curiosity which prevents them from imposing on New York as they have done on London. We collect information about them as a precautionary measure of defense. They clamor to be taken to our hearts and pockets, and we must have some data to go by before yielding to their embraces. The real thing to wonder at is, not American knowledge of English writers, but English ignorance of American writers. At this very moment literary circles in the backwoods of Wisconsin are probably squabbling about Mr. Max Beerbohm or Herbert Spencer, or reciting the Poet Laureate's latest music-hall triumph. But we sadly doubt whether the combined intellect of all the mutual improvement societies in the suburbs of Manchester or Birmingham could say who Mr. Bliss Carman is, or name any two of Mr. Hamlin Garland's works, or draw a clear comparison between Mr. Stephen Crane's poetry and other cuneiform inscriptions.

There is matter which people who are still fond of the ordinary decencies of life would like to have explained to them; and again Professor Peck is the man to do it. We are used to *The Bookman's* incurable vulgarity in literary matters, but it is a new thing to find it insulting women. It is a new departure, so far as we know, for any American literary journal to take to peeping through keyholes, scavenging among household filth, filching family secrets, and reporting kitchen gossip in cumbrous imitation of the *New York Journal*. Yet this is the stage *The Bookman* has reached. In its current number are three paragraphs on Mrs. Craigie, of such vulgarity and meanness that Mr. Hearst might just as well retire from business at once. Commenting on the report of Mrs. Craigie's engagement to Mr. Walter Spindler, Professor Peck is good enough to surmise that it will not turn out well, as Mr. Spindler, though "rich and accomplished," can "hardly minister to the new ambition that has sprung up in the mind of his fiancée,—an ambition to shine in the world of *la haute politique*." That is really very kind of the Professor, besides being polite and in good taste, and the sort of thing one expects a gentleman to say in print. There is nothing a certain class of journalists enjoys more than shrieking a lady's name from the housetops. It is for such men that books on the "etiquette of good society" are written. But we had no idea that college professors entered into the merry pastime with Professor Peck's wholesome zest. The purchase of the London *Academy* by Mrs. Craigie's father is, according to *The Bookman*, "another move in the game." He has bought it "presumably to give his daughter a means of rewarding her literary friends and punishing her enemies." In other words, the *Academy* is to be a dishonest, log-rolling publication, weekly

accepting its policy at Mrs. Craigie's dictation. That is rather a serious charge to bring against a journal, putting aside the somewhat unlovely part it assigns to Mrs. Craigie herself. Has Professor Peck any proof by which to support it? We confess ourselves unable to find the slightest pretext for the insinuation in the present conduct of the *Academy*, which seems to us a capital paper, admirably run on popular and impartial lines. The Professor had better produce his testimony at once, and let London realize the fraud that is being practiced on it. Otherwise his accusation is as unwarrantable and groundless as it is certainly spiteful.

But even that is nothing when compared with his comments on the unsavory topic of Mrs. Craigie's divorce suit. The courteous Professor, while stating that "it is not our intention to discuss the matter," goes on to say that Mr. Craigie "received something less than even-handed justice"; that "his side of the case is beginning to make its way into the minds of many who had formerly condemned it"; and that "we feel warranted in saying that we expect ultimately to see a very decided modification in the opinion that is now so generally held." If the Professor had "no intention of discussing" a matter which was settled in the law courts nearly two years ago, why did he touch on it at all? Why, especially, having touched on it, did he do so in such a one-sided, ungenerous, and ungentlemanly fashion? The Professor must really learn, if only for the credit of Columbia College, to bottle up his love for tawdry and malicious gossip. It is a question of good manners, after all; and a question of good manners is not a thing to be argued about. Our own opinion is, that the less a professor of literature has to do with instigating a covert personal attack on a lady, the better for him and the college he represents.

The Lark is to stop publication with the April issue. The determination seems an exceedingly wise one. Even the sincerest friends of the paper are glad; for a constant atmosphere of nonsense-rhymes was growing almost as debilitating to the reader as it must have been to the writer.

Mr. Gelett Burgess is to desert San Francisco, and seek his fortunes in the far East. From here San Francisco's hillsides looked like very pleasant pastures, and one hopes the Purple Cow will not come to grief among the numberless literary lions of New York.

The Pacific Coast seems always to maintain an agreeable ferment in its intellectual life. It is not everywhere that the reprinting of five newspaper articles on *The Great American Novel* would be an inevitable demand of the public. Mr. Frank Bailey Millard of the San Francisco *Examiner* has, however, excited the Coast to join him in his "amiable literary quest." His book is a mere record of the dead and

dying. He demolishes every American writer in whom the critics and the public ever placed faith. Mr. Howells, Mr. James, the author of *The Breadwinners*, Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Stockton, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, Mr. Garland, Mr. Crane, and so on,—one by one, they are laid away, hopelessly unworthy. Mr. Paul Leicester Ford and Mr. Wolcott Balestier are the only two writers who have "come within hailing distance of the true romance." *Peter Sterling* and *Benefits Forgot* are "acceptable works," but even they do not satisfy. Mr. Millard's process of elimination goes on, and all to no purpose. There is none left—the "great American novel" is still to be written.

This will doubtless come as a blow to many persons. To others it will appeal as a just reproof to the tyrannical magazine editor. For years, we are assured, he has done his utmost to suppress the very writers who could, were opportunity given them, make this much-talked-of novel a reality. On every side we have heard that he would print nothing but English writing. He prefers Englishmen to Americans, Easterner to Westerner, and so on. A Chicago woman asserted, a day or two ago, that should she go East "her success would be guaranteed her by Grace Greenwood." Success even in this modified form being denied her in Chicago, she is embittered toward the whole race of Eastern editors. Presented in this form, the ill-treated author is a ludicrous figure. Much the same, however, has been the attitude of many writers toward England. Ambition was apparently paralyzed by a brooding over the royalties and exchange drafts sent to London.

The actual difficulty nowadays is for an ambitious writer to keep his apprentice work out of print. Only by forcing himself to send his writings to none but the best magazines can he be assured that he will not be blazoned forth in type before the proper time. An Eastern editor tells us of a woman who had been sending manuscripts to him for a long time, only to have them returned. Finally, somewhat discouraged, she sent a parcel to a paper of lower grade. It was immediately accepted and printed. Then the woman realized how bad it was, and wrote a long and impassioned letter of gratitude to the first editor *for having refused what she had sent*.

What we need is not increased facilities for getting into print. The need is, to stop sniveling because bad work will not sell so readily as good, and do good work. There has been enough of the pouting child who says, "I won't try to write good novels. You wouldn't want them if I could write them. You want nothing but English stories, anyhow." A glance at the current magazines shows the facts in the case. *The Century*, *Scribner's*, and the *Atlantic* are given over to Americans. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and Mr. Paul Leicester Ford are sufficiently noteworthy witnesses to the absurdity of the common cant.

NOTES

During the past few years, Mr. E. L. Godkin has carried on — among his other missionary businesses — a series of forceful attacks on the English instruction of the college undergraduate. The charge of illiteracy was a difficult one for the university man to face with calmness, for Mr. Godkin had proofs for all he said. Just where the blame rests is perhaps doubtful; yet the fact remains — and in spite of the attention which Mr. Godkin has drawn to the subject there does not appear to be any great improvement. A recent and rather pathetic evidence of the state of affairs is to be found in connection with *The Bachelor of Arts* prize story contest. This magazine is "devoted to university interests and general literature." It is a magazine for alumni and students. Early last autumn it offered a prize of \$125 for the best short story by an undergraduate of any American college. Once, possibly twice, it was forced to postpone the award — saying frankly that nothing of sufficient merit to deserve the prize had been sent in. Finally, in the February issue, the announcement was made, in some vexation, that the prize would never be awarded. The editors had made the offer on the theory that something at least moderately good could be done by a student: in the failure of that theory they felt at liberty to withdraw the award.

This is truly a pitiable condition. It may, of course, be said that the best men did not enter the competition. But why not? The prize was large enough to be an inducement in these times, and the distinction of winning was certainly not to be despised.

What are the college magazines printing? and what is their standard? It is hard to believe that the best man of the college press is only comparatively good. At any rate, the college magazines are supposed to contain the colleges' best work, and they should investigate this *Bachelor of Arts* affair by rigorous self-examination.

The Amherst Literary Magazine had an editorial a short time ago on the function of the college publication. It was not extremely lucid, but the point was made clear that there are two rival types of magazine. One is old, somewhat hidebound, the other, the "individual type," according to the Amherst man, frank, honest, and nonchalant. To this we may add, as we did in the February 15th issue, when speaking of this new development, miniature and sprightly. Our remarks then (which have made it the apparent function of the *Yale Courant* to devote eight out of its twenty-four pages to an attack on THE CHAP-BOOK) did not impugn the sincerity or skill of college criticism. We now reiterate our suggestion, that its great need is to be diverted from its present channel. Why could not *The Bachelor of Arts* get a good story? This question merits more discussion than does *The Quest of the Golden Girl*. The college magazine usually

feels that unwritten etiquette prevents any trenchant and bold criticism of its fellows of other colleges. But it seems to us that a serious good might be accomplished by an attempt on all sides to maintain the highest possible standard.

It may not generally be known, but the United States copyright law is at present doing more than anything else to delay the development of spelling reform in this country. As it stands at present, in order to secure copyright on a work by an English author, the typography and presswork must be done in the United States — this in the interests of American industries. It happens that no law of this sort exists in England, and the result is coming to be, that — whenever time will permit — the composition for both countries is done here and a set of plates is sent abroad. This is a direct and definite saving for every one concerned. The English publisher knows, however, that the English public will not stand American spelling. On the other hand, the American public will stand English spelling. The first condition of taking plates is, therefore, that English spelling shall be used throughout. The American publisher has no choice. This is a practice which is growing, instead of dying. It is a matter of considerable importance in the publisher's economics, and it cannot be overlooked. At the same time, it is speedily destroying all chance of spelling reform as applied to new books. It may be added, that no literary reform which is adopted only by newspapers can be of great weight. The magazines have it in their power to exert great influence, for they do circulate in England, and their spelling is American. The time may come when the British public can be forced to take American spelling in books, but it is at present out of the question. The only rational compromise would seem to be, that in both countries British authors should be printed with English spelling and American authors with American spelling. Our own spelling does seem better to us, but we are not made infuriate by seeing an Englishman write honour and traveller. Perhaps the English public might in time accept the occasional American without u's or duplicated l's. In any event the copyright law is rapidly making American spelling for English authors impossible in both countries.

The *Revue Blanche* in Paris has been investigating the opinions of French authors on the influence of Scandinavian literature upon contemporary French letters. It prints twenty-five replies to the two following questions:

(1) Do you consider that French letters have recently felt the influence of foreign literatures, the Scandinavian in particular?

(2) In what way has this influence been exercised? and is it to be favored or opposed?

The replies are as varied as might be expected

from writers taken from every school in French literature. Rachilde, for instance, begins: "The Scandinavian, which for nearly ten years has been the only literature worth reading . . ."

Jules Renard follows her with this splendid Chauvinism: "Since, at heart, I care for French literature alone, I figure that others can only serve for its glory. Bring on the Russians, the Scandinavians, and the Spaniards! Bring all the barbarians! Our man of genius will listen to them, attentively or with resignation, and to-morrow, with the best they offer, he will do something original and perfect."

But few of the writers attempt such sublime evasion, and a study of the letters shows the writers to be almost evenly divided on the question of the existence of any real influence. Perhaps the most sensational of all is Lugné-Poë, who, as director of *Théâtre de L'Oeuvre*, has done more to bring Ibsen into Parisian prominence than any one else. He says, "To your first question, I answer *No!* There is then no answer to the second."

Jules Claretie, with a mildness suited to the director of the *Théâtre Français*, admits some slight influence, but can see no good in discussing it.

Émile Zola's answer is sufficiently radical to be worth quoting:

"I am so obstinate," says he, "as to be convinced, in spite of forcible pleas and denials from the other side, that the Scandinavian works recently introduced into France owe their creation to the influence of French ideas, romantic or naturalistic. And the interesting question to ask would be, When and how did this undeniable influence produce itself and act so powerfully?"

He admits that as Bordeaux wine may be improved by a voyage to the Indies, so French ideas in passing through Northern genius may gain breadth and force. But in ten years there will be no talk of a Scandinavian influence on France, although we shall always grant that Tolstoi, Ibsen, and Björnson have moved and charmed us.

The question of *La Revue Blanche*, it is to be noted, applied to all foreign literatures. Two Americans only are mentioned, Poe and Whitman, the writers who have come nearest being disowned by their native country.

TO THE EVER-YOUNG S. E.

With a copy of "In Childhood's Country."

SHALL I tell you why my song
For your ear is sung?
You in Childhood's Land belong,
You are ever young.
Yours the smile that warms the day,
Where you are, 'tis spring —
You turn winter into May;
So to you I sing.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THREE PORTRAITS OF NIETZSCHE



DRAWN BY FELIX VALLOTTON

From *La Revue Blanche*

CRITICISM AS COMMERCE

IT is fair to assume a sense of humor Up Yonder—for Infinity cannot have given to the finite a power beyond its own. And one of the most amusing things in heaven must be the bird's-eye view, from there, of criticism.

The one absolute critic never plies the trade. The sole extant being actually garmented with that omniscience in whose counterfeit every reviewer wears his gown, has neither to earn pin-money nor to pay generic grudges; and does not seem at all concerned to prove how ill done is the thing he did not do, nor yet to patronize the man who has really done pretty well, considering. Neither is it of ease to conceive of supreme intelligence working anonymously. Yet, I doubt not, there is paternal indulgence for the small human in his red-topped boots of authority.

The field of criticism will always be debatable. The victim will never wholly appreciate the means of grace an overhauling should be to him; nor the inquisitor cordially pray—

“The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.”

Nor yet shall the great audience, careless of these quarrels, consent to take the tragedy quite so seriously as do the respective actors.

Should reviews be signed? or should they not? It is one of the less trivial angles of the polygon in controversy; a salient where the war is always on. Curiously enough, the only point at issue seems to be what the contestants severally desire. That there may be morals to the matter, or other and larger prerogatives than theirs, appears not to occur to them. The author thinks of his wrongs, the critic stands upon his rights; but where is the champion of the reader?

An honest reviewer may naturally feel that his autograph to an unfavorable review would often fetch him into more hot water than a free copy and a small check really come to. Unless particularly vertebrate, he is quite as shy about signing an unstinted commendation, lest he be smiled at as too credulous or too emotional. The author, when he remembers that the deep damnation of his taking off in the pages of the *So-and-So* is, after all, not a consensus of the publishers, editors, and contributors, but just one man's notion, would like to know just who could have been so stupid. It is easy to sympathize with both; but it should not be easy to forget that neither is the chief mourner.

The frontier is a rigid master of personal responsibility, and may disqualify one to judge in more elusive counts; but my interior faith is that the critic who cannot father his opinion has no opinion worth printing. Whoso dare not venture his hide

for truth's sake, the same loves truth less than self: ergo, he is not quite a fit critic.

But this is digression. Anonymity in criticism is due much more to another reason than to the critic's modesty or timorousness. Its source is not literary, but commercial. Plenty of undodging reviewers are always available for whatsoever journal desires that variety.

The truth is, the habit derives less from the editorial room than from the business office. It has not taken over-long for the idea to dawn in some quarters that in union there is strength; and there is a tendency to incorporate authority—to make learning a trust. By signed reviews the signer gets the direct benefit; the publisher, only so much as inures to the person who was able to secure the Right Man. By unsigned reviews the entire credit goes to the publisher by default. Competent, though not compelling, critics can be procured; they will all come under the communal robe of authority; and the paper will carry their aggregate brains in its own head or pocket. It is very easy; and it is also very natural, not to say amiable, this ambition of its conductors for the publication for and by which they live. Even so a brilliant weekly of my regard dates all its contributors as of the city where it is published. Not half of them ever did or ever will live there; but how simple a way of giving a general literary atmosphere to the town!

Yet all this forgets something. The pivotal fact is, after all, that a criticism is goods. It is bought, paid for, and trusted by the general reader, whose being too busy to weigh every grain of literary sand is what gives a livelihood to a large and growing class that subsists by telling him. As he pays legal tender for this information, he is entitled not only to receive honest goods, but to know their brand. An opinion is a fact. It is worth just so much as the wit and learning that conceived it; and no more. I can lease, but I cannot transfer, my expert knowledge of the one thing in the world I know. A check, with my permission, can rent the use of it to some one else; but nothing on earth can make it that one's knowledge. To pretend that the *Tribunal* has that esoteric learning is a childish subterfuge, even if it were rigidly honest. The *Tribunal* may know enough to call upon me in the specific case, or it may procure some one who knows as little of my field as I know of his. The only test is the signature, unless we are ready to give a publishing company the attribute most of us deny to the heirs of St. Peter. Otherwise the verdict is bolstered with the impudent authority of anonymous mass.

If the “staff” had wrung dry the sponge of knowledge, so that there was no need to go outside, the paper would be entitled to the sum total. But when a large part of the reviewing has to be done by persons who have no connection with the publication, how shall we pretend that it is the paper which is infinitely wise? As a matter of fact, no

publication has a staff competent to circumscribe the last book in the world. Much of the reviewing is performed entrusted to outsiders—specialists “hired for this occasion only.”

Anonymity is of course presumed to cover the best names in each specialty. Yet it is noticeable that the very tallest names are very seldom hidden under the bushel of editorial authority. Even the reviews which mask secondary identities somehow let the rare celebrity uncover. It is relaxing to the gray matter to fancy one of our critical journals (else naked of signatures) printing anonymously a review by Kipling, or by Lang, or by Gladstone.

No unembittered bystander dreams for a moment that editors do not try their best to live up to the infallibility which is tacitly confessed by them. But unhappily, all the truly infallibles are at present otherwise engaged; and editing is now exclusively conducted by mortals. Thereby the cold-type verdict of the *Last Word* is contingent. The book was sent for review to A, a wise man, whom circumstance was falling fair of. He finds favorably; therefore, so does the *Last Word*. But we all know (who know anything) that so, also, the book might have been sent to the equally learned B, who was just then indigestive. B's judgment would have been adverse, and with his the judgment of the paper. In fact, it is not the paper, but its fortuitous recruit, who writes the Supreme Court decision.

This making of fine birds with fine feathers would assume no larger importance in morals than a child's masquerading in its elders' apparel, if no one were the more deceived. But none of us are scot-free of the mediæval superstition of type. Time was when print was a fence and not a maelstrom; but our credulity has not kept pace down with it. Unto this day the printed word is more ponderous than the spoken. We do not genuinely believe that

“Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps.”

We know, but we do not realize, that this paragraph in type is precisely the word of the one man or woman who wrote it for publication; no less, no more. To us it is more. It is the consummate voice of the journal, big with a composite authority which looms the larger because it has never been defined.

There may be somewhere a review which has never printed (unawares) some contributor's estimate of a book he found too tedious to be read. There may somewhere be one which has never broadcasted an honest, painstaking criticism which was nevertheless stark naked of expert knowledge. But if so, it is not only a very lucky periodical, but also a very young one.

Not so long ago, one of the most conscientious critical journals in this (or in any) country reviewed

a specialist's book *via* a layman, and almost incredibly misquoted the author. To his very mild correction, answered the reviewer: “Wider reading would teach Mr. Blank thus and so.” The humor of this is that the only “reading” on this subject is in a foreign language, of which the reviewer never knew a word, while the reviewed knew the language critically, and its works on his specialty pretty much by heart.

Such cases (which are as funny as they are not rare) are eloquent of the injustice of anonymous criticism—injustice far less to the author than to the public. We know the author—or we do not know him, which comes to much the same thing. If we may identify the critic also, we can begin to umpire between them, and only thus. It is unfair—and I think not finely honest—to give any review, laudatory, condemnatory, or indifferent, any longer leverage than its very own. It is entitled to all the weight of the man or woman, famous or obscure, wise or unlearned, judicial or biased, who wrote it; with the additional recommendation that the editor has intrusted said person with said review. It is not entitled to the superstitious weight of anonymous numbers.

There is not enough argument with saying that signed reviews lessen the generic prestige of the paper. If they do, I am sorry for its conductors; but the rest of us have to be content with what money and fame we can pick up inside certain legal and moral fences. So, also, certain Congressmen have found it fattening to their prestige to deliver unsigned speeches—until it transpired who wrote them.

A critical journal is a merchant. It makes its living by sale of certain goods known as opinions. It is morally responsible for their genuineness; and there is but one adequate voucher. We would laugh our shopkeeper to scorn if he were to say:

“It is enough that you buy these cottons in my store. None of your business if they were made in Fall River or Querétaro. I know enough to buy the right goods, and I'm advertising this store, and not the mills.”

We do not question his honesty; but in matters of cotton we are grown up. So is he; and he in turn would smile if it were suggested to him that to leave the labels on his goods involved a loss of prestige.

No other thing of approximate dignity to-day keeps the anonymous method. In whatever branch of science, a man gives his authority as a matter of course. In business and in society, the Delphic *ipse dixit* has fallen behind the fashion, for credulity is not waxing. Even in literature there is not precisely the old trust in the pontifical attitude; and while it seems we must have the dictum, we are beginning to demand: “Well, but which *ipse*? ”

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

ANTHONY HOPE

IT was, I think, in 1885, during my fourth year at Oxford, that I first met Hawkins of Balliol. He came to my rooms in the High Street, brought by some man whose name I have forgotten, to play whist. I do not remember that he was particularly impressive as a player of whist, but even at that time it was generally understood among his friends at Balliol and elsewhere that Hawkins was destined to make his mark. Oxford is a wonderful winnower of men, and the man who at the end of his four years has concentrated upon himself the expectant eyes of his comrades must certainly possess some of the qualities which ensure success. Now, Hawkins of Balliol belonged to the knot of thirty or forty men who at the end of each year are generally regarded as being in the running for fellowships.

Well, the year ended, we took our degrees, each after his kind, and departed to do the best we could with our lives. Some few of us got our fellowships, settled into cosey college-rooms and will probably never be heard of again. Some took to the stage,—Arthur Bourchier, for example,—some became schoolmasters, others went to the bar, others again tried journalism; of these last the most successful, perhaps, is J. K. Spender, who now edits the *Westminster Gazette*. For myself, I determined to be a philosopher, and went to a German university to learn the way. I was away from England some time, away from London still longer, and thus it came about that the doings of the men I had known at Oxford were unknown to me, or heard of only by vague rumours. Of Hawkins I heard nothing, except that he had gone to the bar, which is the least that a man can do. And then people began talking about some dialogues which were appearing in the *Westminster*, by one Anthony Hope. When the *Dolly Dialogues* appeared, republished, between modest paper covers, I bought a copy, and saw at once that a new and quite delightful entertainer had made his bow to the public.

It was not long after this that I happened to meet Mr. Arrowsmith, the Bristol publisher, at dinner, and we fell to talking of his forthcoming publications. Now, Mr. Arrowsmith was still vexing his soul over a slight mistake he had made a few years before. In the days when "Hugh Conway" was still a living power, there came a letter to Mr. Arrowsmith from a man whom he did not know, who was a sort of reporter on a paper of which he had never heard, published in an Indian city of which he did not recognize the name. The letter proposed that Mr. Arrowsmith should do a little publishing for the writer. Mr. Arrowsmith was busy at the time, and sent a curt note of refusal to the obscure and presumptuous fellow who signed himself Rudyard Kipling. I believe that Mr. Arrowsmith will never read the works of Rudyard Kipling with

genuine pleasure. For him they are poisoned at the source. However, as Mr. Arrowsmith remarked to me, he was not going to make the same mistake twice. Accordingly, he had asked this same Anthony Hope for a book. In due course he received *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Mr. Arrowsmith told me, only the other day, that if Providence would send him one *Prisoner of Zenda* every two years, he would not mind being a publisher.

It was when *The Prisoner of Zenda* was in the full swing of popularity that I came to London, and happened to be one evening at Mr. Douglas Sladen's. Now, Mr. Douglas Sladen's evenings are like Charing Cross and Port Said, in that you will find there, sooner or later, any man you may wish to meet. And so it chanced that a friend jogged my elbow, and, nodding to an adjacent corner, said, "That is Anthony Hope." I looked in the indicated direction. "Nonsense," I said; "you're wrong; that is Hawkins of Balliol." But we were both right.

In writing of Anthony Hope, I have written more than I had intended about myself. But, as you may guess, I have a special personal concern with the career of Anthony Hope. There is a peculiar interest in watching, as the years go by, the running of the men with whom you started foot to foot at school or at college. After ten years some have fallen by the way, others have given up the running altogether and taken to an easy-chair, the majority are struggling in the ruck, and one here and there shows well ahead, going bravely and strongly. (You will remember how daintily Dr. Wendell Holmes played with this theme?) Of the men whom I knew at Oxford, one or two are dead, most are reputable citizens who pay their income tax with regularity, many are doing well in the world, a few have made some small reputation for themselves. But Hawkins of Balliol is the first who has sent his fame to the four corners of the earth. There may be others on the course who are better stayers, who will die in the beds of Bishops and Privy Councillors. But in the first lap Hawkins of Balliol has a big lead.

Anthony Hope—for it is by his two Christian names that he chooses to be known to the public—was fortunate in not being forced to earn bread by journalism while waiting for fame in literature. It is true that a brief spell of journalism is sometimes useful to the man who aims at the writing of books. It gives him fluency and self-confidence; more especially it teaches his brain how to pay out ideas on demand. But there are few men who, like Kipling in his early days in India, have the vital energy to pour forth imaginative work from a brain wearied by the toil of a newspaper-office. Generally speaking, the man of letters who stands with one foot in journalism stands with one foot in the grave. Anthony Hope was under no such necessity. With the exception of a few weeks in the office of the *Westminster*, during which he acted as a stopgap, he has, I believe, done no journalistic work whatever. His





father is the prosperous rector of one of those churches which block the traffic of the Strand. He had been called to the bar. He could afford to wait. At first he accepted the small practice which comes to newly called barristers; and had he persevered in the profession, there is little doubt but that he would by this time have been a persuasive advocate. He has an excellent manner in speaking, and his speech is clear and pointed. But his voice is no longer to be heard in the Law Courts. He does not even lecture, as so many of our younger writers do, nor has he the least intention of lecturing, for the quaintly original reason that he has nothing to lecture about. One day it occurred to him that he would write something. The same idea occurs to most young barristers of active mind who are waiting for briefs. Only the average young barrister begins by sending essays to the *Nineteenth Century*, and finds himself after a year or two writing anonymous stories for penny weeklies.

Anthony Hope had the fortune or the foresight to choose at once a form of expression peculiarly adapted to his genius, and in rising demand upon the bookstalls. *Black and White* had just been started as a weekly illustrated paper, and one of its features was a weekly dialogue. Some of these were contributed by Anthony Hope. Instantly the dialogue became the fashion. The *Westminster Gazette* was the first daily paper to note the turn of the market; and the *Dolly Dialogues* was the result. The career of these apparently ephemeral papers has been rather remarkable,—a reversal of the usual procedure of a book from the expensive to the cheap edition. Originally appearing in a penny paper, they were afterwards republished as a shilling brochure, and have lately been raised to the dignity of a real, cloth-covered book. They have encouraged many imitators. But the art of translating the ordinary talk of the British aristocracy into literature—talk which, though often silly, and tinged with a special vulgarity of its own, is yet less affected than that of the shopkeeper—is a very difficult one. The scores of other writers of dialogues—with the possible exception of Miss Violet Hunt—cannot make a woman flirt without making her vulgar with a vulgarity which is not that of the Mayfair drawing-room. Now, Lady Mickleham is something of a minx but she is every inch a lady.

The case of Anthony Hope is one of the very rare cases in which a successful writer has gained his success without the preliminary strain and struggle. With the *Dolly Dialogues* his reputation was made, and the *Prisoner of Zenda*, *The God in the Car*, *The Indiscretion of the Duchess*, *Comedies of Courtship*, *The Heart of Princess Osra and Pbroso* have continuously made him better known. I do not mean for a moment to imply that this success has been achieved without effort; only that it has been economized effort, prudently directed. For Anthony Hope decided very early in his career that the novelist's

trade is a dangerous one to the man who loves the contemplative life, tempting to irregularity of work, and the finding of excuses for idleness. Wherefore he went about his trade in a thoroughly business-like way. He took a room in a house in Buckingham Street,—a quiet street between the Strand and the river, within a stone's-throw of Charing Cross, a house in which lawyers and business men have their offices, a room guarded, in the Oxford manner, by an "oak" and an inner door, and containing little in the way of furniture but a table, a chair or so, an occasional photograph, and a *Vanity Fair* portrait of Anthony Hope,—last, but not least, a box of cigarettes. To this room he comes day by day, with such punctuality as he may command, and while there addresses himself to the work which lies before him.

I would not assert that Anthony Hope writes, as Trollope wrote, for so many hours on end like a copying-clerk. There are times when the new story will not shape itself; when he realizes, as all writers of stories realize, that the hardest word to write is the first word of the first chapter. But that room is his workshop, and when he turns the key in the door at four o'clock, and walks away to the Reform Club, work is over for the day. Moreover, Anthony Hope never vexes himself with the placing of his work and the negotiating about terms. He believes in the literary agent,—“the man who does your blushing for you,”—and carries his belief into practice. When once a story is finished, he has no further anxiety about it, and is free to plan out the next. Writers, as a rule, are a shiftless folk. But Anthony Hope has organized the trade of writing upon a thoroughly business basis.

It is only natural that the success of *The Prisoner of Zenda* in the dramatic form given it by Mr. Edward Rose should have turned the thoughts of its author towards the stage. But in his search for a suitable plot, he has been continually baffled by the discovery that there is as much difference between a play and a novel as between a stage and a study. Nearly every idea which floats through the brain of the story-teller can be given literary form. But only a very few in a lifetime will suffer themselves to be placed as a drama upon the stage. And the writer who has trained himself to catch his fleeting fancies and weave them into stories finds that a far more laborious process of selection is necessary when he sets himself to write a play. At present, however, Anthony Hope is hard at work completing the sequel to *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

It is a little curious that Anthony Hope, as a writer, is very popular with women. One is tempted to suspect that women are not so sentimental as they are painted. For Anthony Hope is by no means a sentimentalist. His attitude towards women is one of slightly contemptuous chivalry,—courteous, even tender,—but unmistakably tinged with contempt. He is the negative of Mr. Grant Allen's

positiveness. To him, woman is an irresponsible, amusing, and altogether delightful creature; love is a passion to be played with, not to be taken with undue seriousness. No motto could be more appropriate to his humour than the quotation from Mr. Leslie Stephen, which he places in the forefront of his *Comedies of Courtship*: "It is a familiar fact that the intensity of a passion varies with the proximity of the appropriate object"; and if we must pick a moral from the fantasies of Anthony Hope, it is that love is a matter of time and place, and that any two people of opposite sexes and of average charm, thrown together under favourable circumstances will naturally—and rightly—fall in love the one with the other. Could this philosophy be more delightfully summed up than in the closing words of *The Heart of Princess Osra*?

"Yet it may be that for some of them who so truly loved her, her heart had a moment's tenderness. Who shall tell all the short-lived dreams that come and go, the promptings and stirrings of vagrant inclination? And who would pry too closely into these secret matters? May we not more properly give thanks to heaven that the thing is as it is? For surely it makes greatly for the increase of joy and entertainment in the world, and of courtesy and true tenderness, that the heart of Princess Osra—or of what lady you may choose, sir, to call by her name—should flutter in pretty hesitation here and there and to and fro a little, before it flies on a straight wing to its destined and desired home."

CLARENCE ROOK.

ON THE HORIZON

TWO ships stand on the horizon:
Each shows a lighted sail;
One rises out of morning red,
One sinks in twilight pale.

Two ships stand on the horizon,
Faint sail-gleams far at sea,—
One bears away my sweet lost love,
One brings new love to me.

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

THE PLAIN STORY OF TEDDY MACGRAU

WHEN Teddy MacGrau got his place as track-walker on the most dangerous bit of road that the Canonshee Southern owns, everybody said that he was very young. People who knew Teddy well said that he was very young, but none too young to be trusty; people who knew him less said that he was very young, but that they supposed the railroad people knew what they were about; people who did n't know him at all said that a railroad had no

right to endanger hundreds of lives by putting a seventeen-year-old boy on the worst eight miles of track in the Alleghanies, and that something was sure to come of it. Something did come of it, and that is the story.

On the fourteenth day of May, 1890, about five o'clock in the afternoon, Teddy came out of the famous Mount Meroven tunnel, walking a little fast because he was later than usual, and the hot supper over at his Delmont boarding-place more desirable in consequence. He came out into the late afternoon light, a hammer in his left hand, his lantern and toolbag slung over his shoulders, whistling softly and looking grave. He was thinking deeply; there was a girl in the case. Things were not definite enough to make plans for yet, but nevertheless Teddy, walking his solitary beat along the ties, or sitting on the steps of his Delmont boarding-house after supper, smoking and looking up at the stars, did a great deal of both thinking and planning.

Just now, as he came out from the mouth of the tunnel, and stood on the mountain-side and looked down into the narrow winding valley and over at the mountain opposite, he was thinking of the girl. He had been in the mountains since November. That meant he had not seen her for more than six months now—because a track-walker, no matter what may be his good qualities, cannot afford to take a vacation and run up to Erie simply for the sake of seeing a girl. Was she angry, he wondered, about his coming to Virginia? He had explained it all to her carefully; he could n't very well help coming, when he had such a chance. She knew how his father, who had been running a locomotive twenty years on the Canonshee Southern, had gone to the manager's office and got the place for Teddy. She knew that the bigger wages Teddy could get, the better, even if he did have to give up his job in the freighthouse and leave her for a while. She knew—or at least she might have guessed—that after "th' ol' man" had taken a day off and gone to the manager with his cap-in his hand to get a place on the road for his boy, Teddy was not the lad to refuse it. She knew—or at least she might have guessed—a number of other things which Teddy had not found breath enough to set forth in the best of order on that important evening when he went to say good by.

Teddy at least was sure, in his simple heart, that she had guessed; and she had been very kind to him. That was enough to build his dreams upon. Then, too, he had already saved a good deal of money. He thought he could buy a house in Delmont before Christmas, and even begin to furnish it by paying in installments for the furniture. He wondered if she would mind leaving Erie and coming down into the Virginia mountains? She would be very lonely just at first, but one soon got over that. She might miss the streets, and the noise, and the crowds, and the hurry, though. Teddy's father and grandfather

had been railroad men, and the love of noise and lights and hurry was strong enough in his blood to hint to him what such loss might mean to the city-bred girl.

Teddy's face, then, was sober as he stood on the track outside the tunnel. A moment later, at the sound of a locomotive's whistle from the other side of the mountain, it changed marvelously.

"Now fur to see th' ol' man!" he said aloud, and stepped to one side.

With a rush and a roar and a mist of dust and steam and flying cinders, the south-bound express crashed out of the tunnel and thundered along upon the down-grade. The face that looked out from the cab, however, was not that of "the ol' man," but of Jimmie Stewart; and the track-walker went on, sorely disappointed. Evidently "the ol' man" had been put on a special on the Northern Division; they never gave him anything but specials and express, and the only express down before midnight was Lige Dennison's number seven, due at the tunnel at eight minutes after six. It was a shame, Teddy thought, to send "the ol' man" up on the Northern with a night train. Jimmie Stewart might have gone just as well. But, after all, he would be back before Saturday, and Teddy comforted himself and went on, throwing quick, careful glances as he walked along the four parallel ribbons of steel, whose firmness meant the safety of human lives. At ten minutes before six the track-walker stepped out on the Maranassa Creek bridge. Here there was only a single track. The bridge was a mere trestling of wood and iron, a single row of ties supported, as it were, in mid-air between two opposite precipices. Below, far down among loose boulders and sand-beds bristling with driftwood, lay the Maranassa, a mere shining cobweb tracery of silvery. From the middle of the bridge to the creek-bed was a jump of a hundred and forty feet. Teddy, however, did not at all object to being alone in mid-air, and walked along, gallantly whistling, but always keeping a watchful eye on the track. It would be a nasty place for an accident.

At about the middle of the bridge Teddy stopped short. His quick eye had noticed that one of the rails seemed a little out of line. He examined it. It was loose!

The boy's face grew pale as he knelt down upon the ties and unslung his tool-bag. There were short wooden spikes put in place of the iron ones, and made to resemble them so closely that even the trackman's experienced eye could hardly tell the difference. It was a careful attempt to wreck a train — the express!

"Lucky I came late," said Teddy through his teeth, as he pried the rail into place. Then he looked at his watch. One minute of six. The express was due at the mouth of the tunnel eight minutes after, and five minutes later at the bridge. There was no need to flag the train, for he had

time enough. The track-walker began to drive in his strong new spikes with a will.

The express whistled on the farther side of the tunnel. All the spikes were firmly set and there was more than three minutes to spare. Teddy picked up his short bar and hammer and walked rapidly toward the south end of the trestle.

Another rail loose!

"Lucky I came late," said Teddy again, and then shut his teeth hard. He worked deftly; every stroke had to tell.

An incredible host of thoughts rushed through his mind as he knelt there, hammering away at his iron spikes. There was no time to stop the express; it was on the long curve already and swinging down to the bridge. The rail must be fastened to save the train. For himself it did not matter so terribly. A man took his chances as they came and without bellowing; one man's life is as nothing against the lives of fifty, eighty, a hundred men, women and children. Besides, he was not afraid. But for "th' ol' man," and perhaps for somebody else, it was a different matter.

There was n't a chance for him; he knew that. The track behind him was all clear. There was nothing to stop the train on the long curve, and after the wheels had once touched the bridge it would be too late. He might jump down to the rocks — or stay on the tracks. Either way —

Teddy placed his last spike with a steady hand. The locomotive dashed out from behind the mountain. Twenty rods of bridge, without a plank or bar to cling to in all its length, lay between the worker and the bank — a bridge to life and safety, if only he had time . . .

A man must do his duty. It was what he, Teddy MacGrau, was there for. It was what he had been paid for; and now he must do it. His hammer fell evenly — once, twice, three times.

Down brakes. No use to whistle now. The train was on the bridge and thundering forward at a speed of thirty miles an hour. They could never stop this side of the little signal-house and the little signal-house was beyond the end of the bridge.

Down brakes? So Lige Dennison was whistling "down brakes" from his cab for him, Teddy MacGrau, on the track. No use, Lige! No use, no use, no use —

Should he jump for it? That was a way out. But somehow he fancied that "th' ol' man" would have stayed to meet death with his eyes wide open. It seemed the "squarer" thing to do.

The bridge was quivering and throbbing now to the jar of the wheels. The locomotive was almost at his side. Teddy looked up at the cool opal sky and thought a quiet little good by to the girl. Then he leaped to his feet; he would take it standing.

He looked up at the cab windows. On the left was a face he knew, the fireman, Oakman; at the right window, the engineer, old MacGrau himself,

with his hand upon the lever, but a terrible helplessness in his face. The boy on the track waved his cap. "Poor old dad!" he said aloud to himself. "I wisht it had been Lige inste—"

The express had stopped on the other side of the bridge. The brakeman and the conductor got off and ran forward to see what it was all about. The fireman met them; his face was ghostly under its coal dirt.

"Killed a man," he said huskily. "Old Mac's all smashed. Down brakes and jumped 'fore she began to stop."

The men looked at one another and were silent. Then the conductor spoke:

"He did n't jump on the bridge? Good God, man, Mac's got a better nerve 'n that!"

Nobody answered.

The passengers were excited and nervous. Two men in the last car had jumped down as soon as the steps had solid ground under them. The conductor, the two brakemen, and the fireman ran back towards the bridge.

What they found first was MacGrau, the engineer, lying in the ditch beside the tracks, not an arm's-length from the precipice. He was stunned, but the soft deep clay of the ditch had saved him.

The two passengers had run out on the bridge. The men on the bank saw them stoop and together lift something that hung down from the ties. "It's him," muttered the conductor. The four began to run.

The two on the bridge laid their burden down across the ties. The fireman noticed that one of them held the limp, blue thing to keep it from slipping through into emptiness below. He stopped running and crouched down, clinging to the rails, one with each hand, to steady himself; he was sick and giddy. He saw the conductor and the brakeman stop and stand over the limp thing. The conductor took off his cap and put it on again in a minute with the visor to the back. After he had seen that, he crawled on hands and knees to the bank and lay down in the ditch beside the old engineer.

They backed the train out onto the bridge and lifted poor Teddy into the baggage-car. He was not dead; he might even be conscious again for a few minutes before the end, unless God were merciful. He lay there on a rough bed of coats and rugs, scarcely breathing. His face and head were unharmed, except for a little jagged scratch on the right temple; the rest was hidden by a green and red plaid shawl snatched up by one of the brakemen in a hurried tour of the train. The express moved slowly forward to the bank again, and Teddy's "ol' man" was lifted in on the other side of the car, with a screen of trunks between him and his son. He was still dazed and only half conscious, and lay down upon the floor like a tired child. Somebody shoved the fireman into the smoking-car. The express waited — waited for Teddy to die!

There was a bride on this train, a pretty girl, with brown hair which was frankly frizzed and a few more gilt buttons on her dress than were absolutely necessary. They were traveling in the second Pullman, she and her husband, and her husband had introduced to her the conductor, the brakeman, and the ticket agent at North Junction, in the course of the day's run. He was evidently a Canonshee Southern man himself; probably he had a pass for himself and a half-rate ticket for the pretty girl. He was a jolly man, very fond of talking, and he talked to everybody within reach; and the bride listened and looked and ate box after box of chocolate peppermints.

But when the baggage-car had been drawn off the bridge, and Teddy had begun to move his head a little from side to side and to moan once or twice and to awaken to an awful fifteen minutes' life, and the pretty bride came back to the baggage-car and took the boy's head in her lap, nobody minded her peppermints. The men standing about made way for her without knowing why, and all through she sat there on the floor, holding the poor boy's head and stroking his hair with gentle fingers, and crying over him.

It was a terrible thing, just at first, when Teddy's life had come back to him and the strength for bearing it had not. Afterward, when the first delirium of pain was over, it was a beautiful and a wonderful thing as well. The boy's first conscious word was, "Dad." The old engineer heard, roused himself, and staggered around the trunk partition. He fell down on his knees beside his son and groped under the edge of the red shawl for his hand. The passenger who had first lifted Teddy on the bridge held him back.

"Do n't," he said; "he can't feel anything now but pain, and — moving makes it worse."

The old man seemed not to hear. He was watching steadfastly every quiver of that pale face; but he drew back his seeking hand. Ted opened his eyes and saw his father. He smiled.

"We — did the best we — could," he gasped. "Never mind,—dad. I'm — not hurt — much."

The old engineer covered his face with his hands and sobbed. The men turned away or stared hard at the roof of the car. There was a long silence, and then Teddy's mind began to wander. He talked brokenly about the road and Lige Dennison and "th' ol' man." The affair at the bridge he did not speak of: apparently it had slipped his memory altogether. On and on he talked, now eagerly, hurriedly, in his wheezing voice, now with long silences between the words. The little broken bits of his life that he told were unspeakably pathetic, now that there was to be no sequel. Once he spoke of the house; he was going to "get it ready," he said, and thereupon the bride wept more than ever. Teddy did n't speak of the girl; he had never once mentioned her name.

The poor, husky, gasping voice grew feebler and more breathy, and then a silence fell. The men instinctively took off their hats. The bride stopped crying, and leaned forward looking down at the curly head and the pale eyelids and the narrow red scratch on the right temple.

With a last effort Teddy's eyes opened. He looked up at the woman and the shadow of a great tenderness settled in his face.

"It's you, Mame," he said. "Do n't worry. I'm not—hurted. I—had—to—do it. 'T was—my—business,—an'—I—had to. Good by,—Mame. I'm—sorry. Good by. Do n't—ye—mind." Teddy closed his eyes, but the bride cried on with gentle sobs.

"What? Yes, so it is. Hard luck, cruel, hard luck; yes, sir! She's my wife,—Mrs. Lindley, y' know. Just married this week; was Miss Josephine Daley of Brooklyn. Know that town, do you? Yes, takes her for somebody he knows, of course. Can't expect a fellow in that shape to see very straight. Why, if I—"

Somebody on the edge of the crowd nudged him then to take off his hat. The talkative bridegroom uncovered, and stood with his mouth open, ready to go on as soon as decency would permit. The rest of the knot of men stood in awed silence; the heavy breathing of the old father and the stiff rustle of the bride's skirts as Teddy moved a little were distinctly heard in the quiet. Teddy stirred his head a little and tried again to speak.

"Good by,—dad. Do n't—ye—care. I'm—"

And there was no need for the express to wait longer for Teddy.

HELEN MADDER BROWN.

CORRESPONDENCE SOMETHING NEW IN EDITING

CHICAGO, March 6, 1897.

EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK—*Dear Sir:*

O HIO has given something more to the country than heroes and presidents. The proud state is at present offering to the public the most benevolent scheme ever conceived in the mind of man. The name of this scheme is The American Home Magazine Company, and it is said to be incorporated under the laws of the state of Ohio, with a capital stock of \$25,000. The stockholders are many, for it costs only fifty dollars to own a share, and fifty dollars is not much when coupled with the possibilities which the *American Home Magazine* holds out to its owners. The first possibility, as outlined in a letter of the president to an inquiring woman in Illinois, is the possibility of failure. Magazines do fail, he wots well, and it

might be that even a benevolent spirit would not be proof against insolvency. Therefore "the issuing of stock in small sums to a number of people avoids the loss of much money to any individual, should we meet with failure." (Aspirants to print are urged to note the classic English in the foregoing sentence, as well as its stirring call to lay down fifty dollars, in pure altruism, so that when the probable crash comes it may not fall too heavily upon any one brother, or any half-dozen. Aspirants are also called upon to note the caution of the next sentence from the letter.) "The possibility of success, especially after we have weathered the financial difficulties of the past year, offers the *probable* return of a fair interest upon the investment." Interest, however, is not the chief end in view. A sordid little matter of six per cent necessarily has small weight with persons possessing that indefinable spiritual quantity,—a Muse. The chief end in view is an airing-place for the Muse. Witness: "As our contributors are limited to stockholders, the editor necessarily takes a personal interest in each contribution submitted." (Nice man!) "If something is sent to him which is not available, you will have the benefit of his opinion as to why it is not available, and any advice that he may offer regarding the manuscript. This alone would be a matter of education to young writers, putting them, as it does, in closer touch with the editor of a magazine." (Some of us have been editors for years without suspecting that contact with us, even on paper, is considered equivalent to a liberal education!)

However, so much for the letter of Mr. President Reeve. With it he enclosed circular matter from which the most experienced editor may gain facts about editing which would be undreamed of had not Mr. Reeve come to the front with his experience in the conduct of large magazines. "It is said," cautiously begins the seductive circular, "with more or less truth, that many of our present leading publications practice favoritism towards certain writers whose reputations have become established, to the detriment and the partial or total exclusion from their pages of other writers of equal merit, but of less prominence." (What an advantage it must be to be born with a reputation!) "We," continues the circular, "have established a magazine whose aim shall be to procure good literature, without regard to the fame of the writer." (Noble thought! What comparison can there be between the writers who take fifty dollars, or five hundred, for a story, and the writers who are willing to give fifty dollars for the privilege of bestowing a story upon the waiting world?)

If more persons could understand the real aim and purpose of magazines, fewer writers would expect justice from them. Mr. Reeve explains: "The modern magazine," he says, "has become, in the main, an advertising sheet, and publishers have grown to look more to their advertisements for

profit, than to their subscriptions." This has an air of great truth, but somehow it fails to explain why well-edited magazines with large subscriptionists go hand in hand with quantity and quality of advertising in geometrical progression. Nor does it quite satisfy us as to why Tiffany Stained Glass prefers to advertise in magazines where Mrs. Humphry Ward's new serial is current, while the back pages of periodicals presenting Laura Jean Libbey's latest triumph of literature are given over to four-line "pearl" ads, offering two gold rings and three sets of fortune-telling cards for a quarter of a dollar. *The American Home Magazine* will not, according to its editor, repel anxious advertisers with a club, but it does not look to them for its chief support. The chief support has been otherwise arranged for, in blocks of fifty dollars each, and in such magnanimous offers as a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best story of five thousand words, each competitor to preface his entrance to the lists with a prepaid subscription to the *Home Magazine*. There is, in these two particulars of a complex scheme, promise of a fair harvest, but it is only reasonable for Mr. Reeve to anticipate that when these ingenious plans have given his magazine a considerable circulation he will have no difficulty in obtaining a sufficient amount of advertising from such well-known firms as the manufacturers of "Pale-blue Pills for Lovelorn Maidens." No wonder the benevolent editor is able to announce in print that "the success of the magazine is assured," and that "no publication was ever launched with so wide an influence back of it" (!) The mistiness of metaphor will not, it is hoped, lead any one to discount this last remarkable statement. (Mr. Reeve's style is contagious, but the sentence shall stand as an example of those communications which corrupt good grammar.)

We have the editor's published statement that the shareholders of his magazine "are to be found in every state in the Union,"—which helps to prove an eminent author's computation that "there are probably 200,000 persons in this country who are sure that they have a mission direct from God to write, and whom an earthquake could not convince to the contrary. They will pay their little all to have their conceit tickled," the author goes on to say; "and Arabella would n't be taken in if she were not eager to be gulled. I question somewhat whether the abolition by law of all literary hucksters would eliminate or improve this enormous crowd seething with improvident ideas. To expose the shell-game is most valuable, but it does n't keep the 'sucker' from rushing to the next fool thing. He goes on forever." This is true enough, but not all true, as is evidenced by the letters received since the first of these communications to *THE CHAP-BOOK* was published. There is Arabella, who will remain Arabella to the end; and there is Araminta, who has "the right stuff" in her, and who will some day find herself classed along with those fa-

vored mortals (or immortals) popularly supposed to have been born with a reputation. Araminta comes to the fore every day in the year, somewhere, somehow. Not an editor but knows her, and points with pride to her name on his pages and tells you that he "discovered" her. Perhaps, all told, the farm gives more to literature than the city does; where worldly wisdom is smallest, there is often a fine rule of compensation in wisdom that is of finer quality. Away, remote from Printing-House Square and the haunts of magazine "regulars," there are scores and hundreds of men and women out of whose hearts and lives literature is being, or is to be, born. Song and story comes from them, not because they will it, because it is there and "will out," and when it is out there is the query, What shall be done with it? They have "read tales," these men and women, and perhaps they have sent two or three 'prentice manuscripts, or ill chosen ones, to sundry magazines, and suffered the defeat of receiving them again, "with thanks." So an editor is a modern edition of Nero, forsooth, fiddling while tortured souls writhe in disappointment and despair; magazines are the property of "class" against "mass," of the favored few against the besieging many. Legend and appearances unite in these indications, and here, in Ohio or elsewhere, is a man, himself an editor, who says it is all so. There is small chance, if any, with the big publications. Why not consider this matter of his? And so forth, —until a day of bitter repentance.

Not every one that comes forward with fifty dollars is guilty of inordinate vanity in the desire to see his name in print. A goodly proportion is doubtless gathered from among those who have become embittered in a few failures and are determined to succeed somewhere, somehow. They are not acquainted with the ways and ideas of the publishing world, and they do not know that all print is not the way to fame, but some of it is the way to infamy. These are they whom I would reach if I could. I would assure them that if they have anything to say that the world wants to hear, nothing can keep them from success if only they will labor and faint not, which does not mean that they are to expect a hundred dollars for the first draft of a story, and call all men liars and all editors pigs if it is not forthcoming. It means, that in literary production the best magazines, the best publishers, in the country should be the bull's-eye of an author's aim, and that eternal trying is the price of success. There is no one, or no thing, outside of himself that can help a writer to success; neither man nor thing that can keep him from it if he wills it otherwise. Moreover, trite assurance though it be, let me repeat it, that writer is on the way to success who has learned that there is no one half so interested in the amateur in general and the promising individuals in particular as the editors of the highest prominence in the country.

If half as much pains were taken with the manu-

facturers of imperfect stockings as are taken with the makers of imperfect verse, the weavers of hose would be of the impression that they had at last fallen upon Altruria or Arcadia (providing the makers of hose are acquainted with those ideals). There is no class of purchasing agents in the country, or in any country — I say it confidently — which acts in a manner so encouraging to the small fry and the beginners as the literary caterers who make up magazines. It is a great deal more profitable for an editor to buy a story for fifty dollars from a beginner in literature than to pay Anthony Hope three hundred and fifty, provided only the public like the beginner even half as well. The publisher is three hundred dollars in pocket, until such a day as the new author raises his prices, and the public approval sustains him in his demands, in which case the publisher must pay what he is asked, or look for another beginner of equal promise and equal favor. In other trades the competition serves to keep prices down. In literature the competition every year drives prices higher up. If absolute honesty could be depended upon, it would pay some one to offer a substantial bonus to any one who, after an earnest, patient, and considerable effort, found that his non-success in letters was due, not to his own limitations, but to the Machiavellian conspiracy of publishers.

Yours very sincerely,
CLARA E. LAUGHLIN.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

BY HENRY JAMES

XII

MRS. WIX had then avoided explaining her ominous speech, but the light of remarkable events soon enabled her companion to read it. It may indeed be said that these days brought on a high quickening of Maisie's direct perceptions, of her gratified sense of arriving by herself at conclusions. This was helped by an emotion intrinsically far from sweet — the increase of the alarm that had most haunted her meditations. She had no need to be told, as on the morrow of the revelation of Sir Claude's danger she was told by Mrs. Wix, that her mother wanted more and more to know why the devil her father didn't send for her. She had too long expected that mamma's curiosity on this point would break out with violence. Maisie could meet such pressure, so far as meeting it was to be in a position to reply, in words directly inspired, that papa would be hanged before he'd again be saddled with her. She therefore recognized the hour that in troubled glimpses she had long foreseen, — the hour when — the phrase for it came back to her from Mrs. Beale — with two fathers, two mothers, and two homes, six protections in all, she should n't know "wherever" to go. Such appre-

hension as she felt on this score was not diminished by the fact that Mrs. Wix herself was suddenly white with terror, — a circumstance leading Maisie to the further knowledge that this lady was still more scared on her own behalf than on that of her pupil. A governess who had only one frock was not likely to have either two fathers or two mothers; accordingly, if, even with these resources, Maisie was to be in the streets, where, in the name of all that was dreadful, was poor Mrs. Wix to be? She had had, it appeared, a tremendous brush with Ida, which had begun and ended with the request that she would be pleased, on the spot, to "bundle." It had come suddenly, but completely, this signal of which she had gone in fear. The companions confessed to each other their long foreboding, but Mrs. Wix was better off than Maisie in having a plan of defense. She declined, indeed, to communicate it till it was quite mature; but meanwhile, she hastened to declare, her feet were firm in the schoolroom. They could only be loosened by force; she would "leave" for the police, perhaps, but she wouldn't leave for mere outrage. That would be to play her ladyship's game; and it would take another turn of the screw to make her desert her darling. Her ladyship had come down with extraordinary ferocity: it had been one of many symptoms of a situation strained — "between them all," as Mrs. Wix said, "but especially between the two" — to the point of God only knew what!

Her description of the crisis made the child reflect, "Between which two? — papa and mamma?"

"Dear, no. I mean between your mother and him."

Maisie, in this, recognized an opportunity to be really deep. "Him? — Mr. Perriam?"

She fairly brought a blush to the scared face. "Well, my dear, I must say that what you *do n't* know ain't worth mentioning. That it won't go on forever with Mr. Perriam — since I *must* meet you — who can suppose? But I meant dear Sir Claude."

Maisie stood corrected rather than abashed. "I see. But it's about Mr. Perriam he's angry?"

Mrs. Wix hesitated. "He says he's not."

"Not angry? He has told you so?"

Mrs. Wix looked at her hard. "Not about him."

"Then about some one else?"

Mrs. Wix looked at her harder. "About some one else."

"Lord Eric?" the child promptly brought forth.

At this, of a sudden, her governess was more agitated. "Oh, why, little unfortunate, should we discuss their dreadful names?" — and she threw herself for the millionth time on Maisie's neck. It took her pupil but a moment to feel that she quivered with insecurity, and, the contact of her terror aiding, the pair, in another instant, were sobbing in each other's arms. Then it was that, completely

relaxed, demoralized as she had never been, Mrs. Wix suffered her wound to bleed and her resentment to gush. Her great bitterness was that Ida had called her false, denounced her hypocrisy and duplicity, reviled her spying and tattling, her lying and grovelling to Sir Claude. "Me, me," the poor woman wailed, "who've seen what I've seen, and gone through everything only to cover her up and ease her off and smooth her down! If I've been an hypocrite, it's the other way round: I've pretended to him and to her, to myself and to you and to every one, *not* to see! It serves me right to have held my tongue before such horrors!" What horrors they were her companion forebore too closely to inquire, showing even signs not a few of an ability to take them for granted. That put the couple more than ever, in this troubled sea, in the same boat, so that, with the consciousness of ideas on the part of her fellow-mariner, Maisie could sit close and wait. Sir Claude, on the morrow, came in to tea, and then the ideas were produced. It was extraordinary how the child's presence drew out their full richness. The principal one was startling, but Maisie appreciated the courage with which her governess handled it. It simply consisted of the proposal that whenever and wherever they should take refuge Sir Claude should consent to share their asylum. On his protesting with all the warmth in nature against this note of secession she asked what else in the world was left to them if her ladyship should stop supplies.

"Supplies be hanged, my dear woman!" said their delightful friend. "Leave supplies to me—I'll take care of supplies."

Mrs. Wix hesitated. "Well, it's exactly because I knew you'd be so glad to do so that I put the question before you. There's a way to look after us better than any other. That way is just to come *with* us."

It hung before Maisie, Mrs. Wix's way, like a glittering picture, and she clasped her hands in ecstasy. "Come with us—come with us!" she echoed.

Sir Claude looked from his step-daughter back to her governess. "Do you mean leave this house and take up my abode with you?"

"It will be the right thing—if you feel as you've told me you feel." Mrs. Wix, sustained and uplifted, was now as clear as a bell.

Sir Claude had the air of trying to recall what he had told her; then the light broke that was always breaking to make his face more pleasant. "It's your suggestion that I shall take a house for you?"

"For the wretched homeless child. Any roof—over *our* heads—will do for us; but of course for you it will have to be something really nice."

Sir Claude's eyes reverted to Maisie, rather hard, as she thought; and there was a shade in his very smile that seemed to show her—though she also felt it did n't show Mrs. Wix—that the accommoda-

tion prescribed must loom to him pretty large. The next moment, however, he laughed gaily enough. "My dear lady, you exaggerate tremendously *my* poor little needs." Mrs. Wix had once mentioned to her young friend that when Sir Claude called her his dear lady he could do anything with her; and Maisie felt a certain anxiety to see what he would do now. Well, he only addressed her a remark of which the child herself was aware of feeling the force. "Your plan appeals to me immensely; but of course—don't you see?—I shall have to consider the position I put myself in by leaving my wife."

"You'll also have to remember," Mrs. Wix replied, "that if you don't look out your wife won't give you time to consider. Her ladyship will leave *you*."

"Ah, my good friend, I do look out." The young man returned while Maisie helped herself afresh to bread and butter. "Of course if that happens I shall have somehow to turn round; but I hope with all my heart it won't. I beg your pardon," he continued to his step-daughter, "for appearing to discuss that sort of possibility under your sharp little nose. But the fact is that I forgot half the time that Ida is your sainted mother."

"So do I!" said Maisie, to put him the more in the right.

Her protectress, at this, was upon her again. "The little desolate, precious pet!" For the rest of the conversation she was enclosed in Mrs. Wix's arms, and as they sat there interlocked Sir Claude, before them with his teacup, looked down at them in deepening thought. Shrink together as they might they could n't help, Maisie felt, being a very massive image, a large, loose, ponderous presentment of what Mrs. Wix required of him. She knew, moreover, that this lady did n't make it better by adding in a moment: "Of course *we* should n't dream of a whole house. Any sort of little lodgings, however humble, would be only too blessed."

"But it would have to be something that would hold us all," said Sir Claude.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Wix concurred; "the whole point is our being together. While you're waiting, before you act, for her ladyship to take some step, our position here will come to an impossible pass. You don't know what I went through with her for you yesterday—and for our poor darling; but it's not a thing I can promise you often to face again. She has dismissed me in horrible language—she has instructed the servants not to wait on me."

"Oh, the poor servants are all right!" Sir Claude eagerly cried.

"They're certainly better than their mistress! It's too dreadful that I should sit here and say of your wife, Sir Claude, and of Maisie's own mother, that she's lower than a domestic; but my being betrayed into such remarks is just a reason the more for our getting away. I shall stay till I'm taken by

the shoulders, but that may happen any day. What also may perfectly happen, you must permit me to repeat, is that she'll go off to get rid of us."

"Oh, if she'll only do that!" Sir Claude laughed. "That would be the very making of us!"

"Do n't say it—don't say it!" Mrs. Wix pleaded. "Do n't speak of anything so fatal! You know what I mean. We must all cling to the right. You must n't be bad."

Sir Claude set down his teacup; he had become more grave and he pensively wiped his moustache. "Won't all the world say I'm awful if I leave the house before—before she has bolted? They'll say it was my doing that made her bolt."

Maisie could grasp the force of this reasoning, but it offered no check to Mrs. Wix. "Why need you mind that—if you've done it for so high a motive? Think of the beauty of it," the good lady pressed.

"Of bolting with *you*?" Sir Claude ejaculated.

She faintly smiled—she even faintly coloured. "So far from doing you harm, it will do you the highest good. Sir Claude, if you'll listen to me, it will save you."

"Save me from what?"

Maisie, at this question, waited with renewed suspense for an answer that would bring the thing to a finer point than their companion had brought it to before. But there was, on the contrary, only more mystification in Mrs. Wix's reply. "Ah, from you know what!"

"Do you mean from some other woman?"

"Yes—from a real bad one."

Sir Claude, at least, the child could see, was not mystified; so little indeed that a smile of intelligence broke afresh in his eyes. He turned them in vague discomfort to Maisie, and then something in the way she met them caused him to chuck her playfully under the chin. It was not till after this that he good-naturedly met Mrs. Wix. "You think me worse than I am."

"If that were true," she returned, "I would n't appeal to you. I do, Sir Claude, in the name of all that's good in you—and, oh, so earnestly! We can help each other. What you'll do for our young friend here I need n't say. That is n't even what I want to speak of now. What I want to speak of is what you'll get—don't you see?—from such an opportunity to take hold. Take hold of *us*—take hold of *her*. Make her your duty—make her your life: she'll repay you a thousand-fold."

It was to Mrs. Wix, during this appeal, that Maisie's contemplation transferred itself,—partly because, though her heart was in her throat for trepidation, she felt a certain delicacy about appearing herself to press the question; partly from the coercion of seeing Mrs. Wix come out, as Mrs. Wix had never come before—not even on the day of her call at Mrs. Beale's with the news of her mamma's marriage. On that day Mrs. Beale had surpassed her in dignity; but nobody could

have surpassed her now. There was, in fact, at this moment, a fascination for her pupil in the hint she seemed to give that she had still more of that surprise behind. So the sharpened sense of spectatorship was the child's main support—the long habit, from the first, of seeing herself in discussion, and finding in the fury of it—she had had a glimpse of the game of football—a sort of compensation for the doom of a peculiar passivity. It gave her often an odd air of being present at her history in as separate a manner as she could only get at experience by flattening her nose against a pane of glass. Such she felt to be the application of her nose while she waited for the effect of Mrs. Wix's eloquence. Sir Claude, however, did n't keep her long in a position so ungraceful: he sat down and opened his arms to her as he had done the day he came for her at her father's, and while he held her there, looking at her kindly, but as if their companion had brought the blood a good deal to his face, he said: "Dear Mrs. Wix is magnificent, but she's rather too grand about it. I mean the situation is n't after all quite so desperate or quite so simple. But I give you my word before her, and I give it to her before you, that I'll never, never forsake you. Do you hear that, old fellow? and do you take it in? I'll stick to you through everything." Maisie did take it in—took it with a long tremor of all her little being; and then, as, to emphasize it, he drew her closer, she buried her head on his shoulder and cried without sound and without pain. While she was so engaged, she became aware that his own breast was agitated, and gathered from it with rapture that his tears were as silently flowing. Presently she heard a loud sob from Mrs. Wix—Mrs. Wix was the only one who made a noise.

She was to have made, for some time, none other but this, though within a few days, in conversation with her pupil, she described her relations with Ida as positively excruciating. There was as yet, nevertheless, no attempt to eject her by force, and she recognized that Sir Claude, taking such a stand as never before, had intervened with passion and success. As Maisie remembered—and remembered wholly without disdain—that he had told her he was afraid of her ladyship, the little girl took this act of resolution as a proof of what, in the spirit of the engagement sealed by all their tears, he was really prepared to do. Mrs. Wix spoke to her of the pecuniary sacrifice by which she herself purchased the scant security she enjoyed and which, if it was a defence against the hand of violence, was far from making her safe from private aggression. Did n't her ladyship find, every hour of the day, some insidious means to humiliate and trample upon her? There was a quarter's salary owing her—a great name, even Maisie could suspect, for a small matter; she should never see it as long as she lived, but keeping quiet about it put her ladyship, thank heaven, a little in one's power. Now that he was

doing so much else, she could never have the grossness to apply for it to Sir Claude. He had sent home for schoolroom consumption a huge, frosted cake, a wonderful, delectable mountain with geological strata of jam, which might, with economy, see them through many days of their siege; but it was none the less known to Mrs. Wix that his affairs were more and more involved, and her fellow-partaker looked back tenderly, in the light of these involutions, at the expression of face with which he had greeted the proposal that he should set up another establishment. Maisie felt that if their maintenance should hang out by a thread they must still demean themselves with the highest delicacy. What he was doing was simply acting without delay, so far as his embarrassments permitted, on the inspiration of his elder friend. There was at this season a wonderful month of May — as soft as a drop of the wind in a gale that had kept one awake — when he took out his step-daughter with a fresh alacrity, and they rambled the great town in search, as Mrs. Wix called it, of combined amusement and instruction.

They rode on the top of busses; they visited outlying parks; they went to cricket matches where Maisie fell asleep; and tried a hundred places for the best one to have tea. This was his direct way of rising to Mrs. Wix's admirable lesson — of making his little accepted charge his duty and his life. They dropped, under uncontrollable impulses, into shops that they agreed were too big, to look at things that they agreed were too small, and it was during these hours that Mrs. Wix, alone at home, but a subject of regretful reference as they pulled off their gloves for refreshment, subsequently described herself as most exposed to the blows that her ladyship had achieved such ingenuity in dealing. She again and again repeated that she would not so much have minded having her "attainments" held up to scorn and her knowledge of every subject denied if she were not habitually denounced to her face as the basest of her sex. There was by this time no pretence, on the part of any one, of denying it to be fortunate that her ladyship habitually left London every Saturday and was more and more disposed to a return late in the week. It was almost equally public that she regarded as a preposterous "pose" and indeed as a direct insult to herself, her husband's attitude of staying behind to look after a child for whom the most elaborate provision had been made. If there was a type Ida despised, Sir Claude communicated to Maisie, it was the man who pottered about town of a Sunday; and he also mentioned how often she had declared to him that if he had a grain of spirit he would be ashamed to accept a menial position about Mr. Farange's daughter. It was her ladyship's contention that he was in craven fear of his predecessor — otherwise he would recognize it as an obligation of plain decency to protect his wife against the outrage of that person's barefaced attempt

to swindle her. The swindle was that Mr. Farange put upon her the whole intolerable burden; "and even when I pay for you myself," Sir Claude averred to his young friend, "she accuses me the more of truckling and grovelling." It was Mrs. Wix's conviction, they both knew, arrived at on independent grounds, that Ida's weekly excursions were feelers for a more considerable absence. If she came back later each week the week would be sure to arrive when she would n't come back at all. This appearance had of course much to do with Mrs. Wix's actual valour. Could they but hold out long enough the snug little home with Sir Claude would find itself informally constituted.

XIII

This might moreover have been taken to be the sense of a remark made by her step-father as — one rainy day, when the streets were all splash and two umbrellas unsociable and the wanderers had sought shelter in the National Gallery — Maisie sat beside him staring rather sightlessly at a roomful of pictures which he had mystified her much by speaking of with a bored sigh as a "silly superstition." They represented, with patches of gold and catacombs of purple, with stiff saints and angular angels, with ugly Madonnas and uglier babies, strange prayers and prostrations; so that she at first took his words for a protest against devotional idolatry — all the more that he had of late come often with her and with Mrs. Wix to morning church, a place of worship of Mrs. Wix's own choosing, where there was nothing of that sort, no halos on heads, but only, during long sermons, beguiling backs of bonnets, and where, as her governess always afterwards observed, he gave the most earnest attention. It presently appeared, however, that his reference was merely to the affectation of admiring such ridiculous works — an admonition that she received from him as submissively as she received everything. What turn it gave to their talk need not here be recorded: the transition to the colourless schoolroom and lonely Mrs. Wix was doubtless an effect of relaxed interest in what was before them. Maisie expressed in her own way the truth that she never went home nowadays without expecting to find the temple of her studies empty and the poor priestess cast out. This conveyed a full appreciation of her peril, and it was in rejoinder that Sir Claude uttered, acknowledging the source of that peril, the reassurance at which I have glanced. "Do n't be afraid, my dear: I've squared her." It required indeed a supplement when he saw that it left the child momentarily blank. "I mean that your mother lets me do what I want so long as I let her do what *she* wants."

"So you are doing what you want?" Maisie asked.

"Rather, Miss Farange."

Miss Farange turned it over. "And she's doing the same?"

"Up to the hilt."

Again she considered. "Then, please, what may it be?"

"I would n't tell you for the whole world."

She gazed at a gaunt Madonna; after which she broke out into a slow smile. "Well, I do n't care — so long as you do let her!"

"Oh, you monster!" laughed Sir Claude, getting up.

Another day, in another place, a place in Baker Street, where at a hungry hour she had sat down with him to tea and buns — he brought out a question disconnected from previous talk. "I say, you know — what do you suppose your father *would* do?"

Maisie had not long to cast about nor to question his pleasant eyes. "If you were really to go with us? He would make a great complaint."

He seemed amused at the term she employed. "Oh, I should n't mind a 'complaint.'"

"He would talk to every one about it," said Maisie.

"Well, I should n't mind that either."

"Of course not," the child hastened to respond. "You've told me you're not afraid of him."

"The question is, are *you*?" said Sir Claude.

Maisie candidly considered; then she spoke resolutely. "No — not of papa."

"But of somebody else?"

"Certainly, of lots of people."

"Of your mother, first and foremost, of course."

"Dear, yes; more of mamma than of — than of —"

"Than of what?" Sir Claude asked, as she hesitated for a comparison.

She thought over all the objects of dread. "Than of a wild elephant!" she at last declared. "And you are too," she reminded him as he laughed.

"O, yes; I am too."

Again she meditated. "Then why did you marry her?"

"Just because I was afraid."

"Even when she loved you?"

"That made her the more formidable!"

For Maisie herself, though her companion seemed to find it droll, this opened up depths of gravity. "More formidable than she is now?"

"Well, in a different way. Fear, unfortunately, is a very big thing, and there's a great variety of kinds."

She took this in with complete intelligence. "Then I think I've got them all."

"You?" her friend cried. "Nonsense! You're thoroughly game."

"I'm awfully afraid of Mrs. Beale," Maisie announced.

He raised his smooth brows. "That charming woman?"

"Well," she answered, "you can't understand it, because you're not in the same state."

She had been going on with a luminous "But," when, across the table, he laid his hand on her arm. "I *can* understand it," he confessed. "I *am* in the same state."

"Oh, but she likes you so!" Maisie eagerly declared.

Sir Claude literally coloured. "That has something to do with it."

Maisie wondered again. "Being liked with being afraid?"

"Yes; when it amounts to adoration."

"Then why are n't you afraid of *me*?"

"Because with you it amounts to that?" He had kept his hand on her arm. "Well, what prevents is simply that you're the gentlest spirit on earth. Besides—" he pursued; but he came to a pause.

"Besides —?"

"I should be in fear if you were older — there! See? — you already make me talk nonsense," the young man added. "The question's about your father. Is he likewise afraid of Mrs. Beale?"

"I think not. And yet he loves her," Maisie mused.

"O, no — he does n't; not a bit!" After which, as his companion stared, Sir Claude apparently felt that he must make his announcement fit with her recollections. "There's nothing of that sort *now*."

But Maisie only stared the more. "They've changed?"

"Like your mother and me."

"She wondered how he knew. "Then you've seen Mrs. Beale again?"

He hesitated. "O, no. She has written to me," he presently subjoined. "She's not afraid of your father either. No one at all is — really?" Then he went on, while Maisie's little mind, with its filial spring too relaxed, from of old, for a pang at this want of parental majesty, speculated on the vague relation between Mrs. Beale's courage and the question, for Mrs. Wix and herself, of a neat lodging with their friend. "She would n't care a bit if Mr. Farange should make a row."

"Do you mean about you and me and Mrs. Wix? Why should she care? It would n't hurt her."

Sir Claude, with his legs out and his hand driving into his trousers pocket, threw back his head with a laugh just perceptibly tempered, as she thought, by a sigh. "My dear step-child, you're delightful! Look here, we must pay. You've had five buns?"

"How can you?" Maisie demanded, crimson under the eye of the young woman who had stepped to their board. "I've had three."

Shortly after this Mrs. Wix looked so ill that it was to be feared her ladyship had treated her to some unexampled passage. Maisie asked if any-

thing worse than usual had occurred; whereupon the poor woman brought out with infinite gloom: "He has been seeing Mrs. Beale!"

"Sir Claude?" The child remembered what he had said. "O, no—not *seeing her!*"

"I beg your pardon. I absolutely know it." Mrs. Wix was as positive as she was dismal.

Maisie nevertheless ventured to challenge her. "And how, please, do you know it?"

She faltered a moment. "From herself. I've been to see her." Then, on Maisie's visible surprise, "I went yesterday while you were out with him. He has seen her repeatedly."

It was not wholly clear to Maisie why Mrs. Wix should be prostrate at this discovery; but her general consciousness of the way things would be both perpetrated and resented always eased off for her the strain of the particular mystery. "There may be some mistake. He says he hasn't."

Mrs. Wix turned paler, as if this were a still deeper ground for alarm. "He says so?—he denies that he has seen her?"

"He told me so three days ago. Perhaps she's mistaken," Maisie suggested.

"Do you mean perhaps she lies? She lies whenever it suits her, I'm very sure. But I know when people lie—that's what I've loved in you, you never do. Mrs. Beale didn't yesterday, at any rate. He *has* seen her."

Maisie was silent a little. "He says not," she then repeated. "Perhaps—perhaps—" Once more she paused.

"Do you mean perhaps *she* lies?"

"Gracious goodness, no!" Maisie shouted.

Mrs. Wix's bitterness, however, again overflowed. "He does, he does!" she cried, "and it's that that's just the worst of it! They'll take you, they'll take you, and what in the world will then become of me?" She threw herself afresh upon her pupil and wept over her, with the inevitable effect of causing the child's own tears to flow. But Maisie could not have told you if she had been crying at the image of their separation or at that of Sir Claude's untruth. As regards this deviation it was agreed between them that they were not in a position to bring it home to him. Mrs. Wix was in dread of doing anything to make him, as she said, "worse;" and Maisie was sufficiently initiated to be able to reflect that in speaking to her as he had done he had only wished to be tender of Mrs. Beale. It fell in with all her inclinations to think of him as tender, and she forbore to let him know that the two ladies had, as *she* would never do, betrayed him.

She had not long to keep her secret, for the next day, when she went out with him, he suddenly said, in reference to some errand he had first proposed: "No, no; we won't do that—we'll do something else!" On this, a few steps from the door, he stopped a hansom and helped her in; then, following her, he gave the driver, over the top, an address

that she lost. When he was seated beside her, she asked him where they were going, to which he replied: "My dear child, you'll see." She saw, while she watched and wondered, that they took the direction of the Regent's Park; but she did n't know why he should make a mystery of that, and it was not till they passed under a pretty arch and drew up at a white house in a terrace, from which the view, she thought, must be lovely, that, mystified, she clutched him and broke out, "I shall see papa?"

He looked down at her with a kind smile. "No; probably not. I have n't brought you for that."

"Then, whose house is it?" she asked.

"It's your father's. They've moved here." She looked about; she had known Mr. Farange in four or five houses, and there was nothing astonishing in this, except that it was the nicest place yet. "But I shall see Mrs. Beale?"

"It's to see her that I brought you."

She stared, very white, and with her hand on his arm; though they had stopped, she kept him sitting in the cab. "To leave me, do you mean?"

He hesitated. "It's not for me to say if you can stay. We must look into it."

"But if I do I shall see papa."

"O, some time or other, no doubt." Then Sir Claude went on: "Have you really so very great a dread of that?"

Maisie glanced away over the apron of the cab—gazed a minute at the green expanse of the Regent's Park; and at the moment, colouring to the roots of her hair, she felt the small rush of an emotion more mature than any she had yet known. It consisted of a sudden sense of shame at placing in an inferior light, to so perfect a gentleman and so charming a person as Sir Claude, so very near a relative as Mr. Farange. She remembered, however, her friend's telling her that no one was seriously afraid of her father, and she turned round with a little toss of her head. "O, I dare say I can manage him!"

Sir Claude smiled, but she noticed that the violence with which she had just changed colour had brought into his own face a slight compunction and embarrassed flush. It was as if he had caught his first glimpse of her sense of responsibility. Neither of them made a movement to get out, and, after an instant, he said to her: "Look here, if you say so, we won't, after all, go in."

"Ah, but I want to see Mrs. Beale!" the child murmured.

"But what if she does decide to take you? Then, you know, you'll have to remain."

Maisie turned it over. "Straight on—and give you up?"

"Well—I do n't quite know about giving me up."

"I mean as I gave up Mrs. Beale when I last went to mamma's."

"I could n't do without you, here, for anything like so long a time as that." It struck her as a hundred years since she had seen Mrs. Beale, who

was on the other side of the door they were so near, and whom she yet had not taken the jump to clasp in her arms.

"O, I dare say you'll see more of me than you've seen of Mrs. Beale. It is n't in me to be so beautifully discreet," Sir Claude said. "But all the same," he continued, "I leave the thing, now that we're here, absolutely with you. You must settle it. We'll only go in if you say so. If you do n't say so, we'll turn right round and drive away."

"So that, in that case, Mrs. Beale won't take me?"

"Well—not by any act of ours."

"And I shall be able to go on with mamma?" Maisie asked.

"O, I don't say that!"

She considered. "But I thought you said you had squared her."

Sir Claude hesitated—he gave a little laugh. "Not, my dear child, to the point she now requires!"

"Then if she turns me out and I do n't come here—?"

Sir Claude promptly took her up. "What do I offer you? you naturally inquire. My poor chick, that's just what I ask myself. I don't see it, I confess, quite as straight as Mrs. Wix."

His companion gazed a moment at what Mrs. Wix saw. "You mean we can't make a little family?"

"It's very base of me, no doubt—but I can't wholly chuck your mother."

Maisie, at this, emitted a low but lengthened sigh, a small sound of reluctant assent, which would certainly have been amusing to an auditor. "Then there is n't anything else?"

"I vow I do n't quite see what there is."

Maisie waited a moment. Her silence seemed to signify that she, too, had no alternative to suggest. But she made another appeal. "If I come here you'll come and see me?"

"I won't lose sight of you."

"But how often will you come?" As he hung fire, she pressed him. "Often and often?"

Still he faltered. "My dear old woman!" he began; then he paused again, going on the next moment with a change of tone. "You're too funny! Yes, then," he said, "often and often."

"All right"—and Maisie jumped out of the cab. Mrs. Beale was at home, but not in the drawing-room, and when the butler had gone for her, the child suddenly broke out: "But when I'm here, what will Mrs. Wix do?"

"Ah, you should have thought of that sooner!" said her companion, with the first faint note of asperity she had ever heard him sound.

(To be continued.)



REVIEWS

THREE SOCIETY ARTISTS

ENGLISH SOCIETY.—*By George Du Maurier.* 4to.
Harper Brothers. \$2.50.

PICTURES OF PEOPLE.—*By C. D. Gibson.* R. H.
Russell & Son. \$5.00.

IN VANITY FAIR.—*By A. B. Wenzell.* R. H.
Russell & Son. \$5.00.

THESE three books hardly need any introduction. Du Maurier's sketches of *English Society* are known to everybody, and it is enough to say that this collection shows him at a time when his draughtsmanship was in its most effective stage, his good-natured humor most direct and forcible, and his standing as the most complete black and white historian of the last quarter of a century on its surest basis. The drawings in this volume are an epitome of Du Maurier at his best, an admirable and interesting series, giving a just measure of his artistic strength, and fully characteristic of his easy, tolerant attitude to the world around him. They are prefaced by a slight, somewhat rhapsodical, but pleasing introduction from Mr. Howells's pen, which deals very little with Du Maurier as an artist, but largely and generously—considering Mr. Howells's rather rigid literary economy—with *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbetson*. Nor of Mr. Gibson's work is it necessary to say much at this time by way of recommendation. We are all proud of him as the most graceful and delicate artist, in his own line, that we have among us. His *Pictures of People* contain no surprises; they give us Mr. Gibson as we are used to having him. Mr. A. B. Wenzell's *In Vanity Fair* is hardly less interesting, though its contents are of very unequal merit. In some of his sketches he is almost, in his own way, up to the level of Mr. Gibson; in others, he falls considerably below Du Maurier. But the collection is thoroughly distinctive, the work of a bold and individual artist, and even where it fails in technique, has the durable attraction of vigorous, dashing draughtsmanship. His drawings, as well as Mr. Gibson's, are capitally reproduced and the appearance and arrangement of the two books are greatly creditable to their publisher.

It is certainly as an artist, and not as a writer, that Du Maurier will be remembered, and as artist he will be turned to, not for any special technical excellence, but for the historical nature of his work, for the vital picture he has left us of the manners, fashions, and social life of the last thirty years. All that our descendants care to know about the aesthetic craze, for instance, they will learn from Du Maurier's drawings. To them he will be the chronicler of London society, an authority on the coat-tails and dresses of 1860–1890, on the ordering of dinner-parties and at homes, a combination of the tailor and

the master of ceremonies,—a Worth and Ward McAllister rolled into one. And Du Maurier had many gifts to fit him for this useful service. He was a shrewd, accurate observer of the little foibles of every-day men and women; he had humor and memory, toleration and dramatic instinct, and the knack of reproducing character on fairly broad and obvious lines. His limitations are as open as his excellences. The subtler shades of emotion and disposition find no place in his work. He was never suggestive; he could never tell a tale by implication; he never forced you to stop and think about his meaning; he never surprised you by any sudden stroke of pathos or sentiment. His whole case was put down in good, plain black and white. He had his little jest to illustrate, and he set about the business in a direct, straightforward fashion. Sorrow, anger, passion of any kind, he could not portray. He ventured at times, but with dubious success, on some minor emotions—a mild regret, a trivial vexation. But, in general, for the play and expression of human features, he had the smallest capacity. At all times and under all circumstances the faces of his women are cold, unemotional, vacuous. In particular, one notices his failure to give meaning to their eyes. Were it not for the accompanying letter-press, you would find it all but impossible—in many, perhaps in most cases quite impossible—to guess what the whole thing is about. Du Maurier could take his jest and build on it an admirable situation; but he could not translate the spirit of his jest into the faces of its audience. He could give us no idea of the effect it would have on them; they sit impassive and stoical through it all. Take away the cap and apron, and you could not distinguish Du Maurier's servants from their mistresses.

That sketch of Mr. Gibson's, *A Comic Song*, in which gloom and a vaporous melancholy hold every face except that of the singer, is quite beyond the range of Du Maurier's skill. The merit of his work is its photographic excellence, its individual truthfulness. His colonels really are colonels; his bishops can be seen walking into the Atheneum Club any day; his men and women are the men and women you actually meet in London drawing-rooms. You cannot pass down Regent Street without seeing some one who is a plagiarism from Du Maurier, who looks as if he had stepped directly out of the pages of *Punch*.

Furthermore, Mr. Howells is right in insisting on Du Maurier's tolerance, "his final pity of all life," as characteristic of his relations with people about him. From his gentle satire, harshness and bitterness are always absent. Around his work is the atmosphere of a well-bred dinner-party, with its respect for other people's peculiarities, its mild sarcasm, its good-tempered pleasantries. His is the smiling touch of a man of the world, not of a moral castigator; cautious, unimpassioned, inoffensive.

To turn from Du Maurier to Mr. Gibson is to

exchange this workaday world for fairyland. Mr. Gibson, following his own fancies, is the artist of the divinely impossible. His women are flawless ideals of grace and beauty; his men, Apollos in evening clothes. The creatures of his imagination are indeed idealized and refined so much by his exquisite and chivalrous skill that they become a trifle too perfect for human nature's daily food. We take the same sort of pleasure in them as we do in the forms and faces of our dreams; as valuable hints of what women ought to be like; not because we ever expect to sit opposite to such paragons in a Broadway cable-car. It is Mr. Wenzell who gives us, despite a certain inclination towards a Jewish type of face, the American girl as she really is. Mr. Gibson's creations are more delightful and romantic, more finely conceived and more artistically executed; but truthfulness of portraiture is on Mr. Wenzell's side. One finds in these *Pictures of People* almost every quality that was lacking in Du Maurier—all the imagination, the sentiment, the mastery of expression, the freedom of line, which the English artist wanted. There can be no question that Mr. Gibson is the better man of the two. You pass over even the best of Du Maurier's sketches with a satisfied chuckle; but Mr. Gibson cannot always be dismissed so. His appeal is often directly to your emotions of tenderness and pathos, and a very pretty and delicate appeal it is. You have to stop and look again. Some chord is touched within you, some answering, sympathetic impulse aroused. There is a sadness that haunts you about this picture, a fragrant sentiment about that, something that wins on your heart in one scene, a gleam of real poetry in another that cannot be disregarded. Life for Du Maurier seemed to be bounded by London drawing-rooms, and he looked on it as a dramatist reads a novel. The comedy and the tragedy that lay just beneath the surface he took no heed of; the situations were what he cared for. Mr. Gibson gives us the comedy, delicately and marked with nice reserves; but he gives us the tragedy too—the gentler side of it at least, the pathos without the agony.

Alone of these three society artists does Mr. Wenzell bring in an occasional note of bitterness. His humor has the bluntness of Du Maurier's, without its suavity, its clearness, but with an added touch of cynicism. There are faults, too, at times, of drawing and perspective which mar the racy, spirited vigor of his sketches. The larger his plan as a rule, the better his work. On a small canvas he lacks Du Maurier's gift of explicit compression.



WINES AND LIQUORS

THE LIQUOR PROBLEM IN ITS LEGISLATIVE ASPECTS.

—By Frederic H. Wines and John Koren. An investigation made under the direction of Charles W. Eliot, Seth Low, and James C. Carter. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

TO students of sociology and to law-makers, as well as to the great body of men and women known as temperance workers, the report of Frederic H. Wines and John Koren on *The Liquor Problem in Its Legislative Aspect* must strongly appeal. The rather forbidding title of this book should not scare away any one who is at all interested in the liquor agitation. The volume furnishes each side in the controversy ample ammunition for keeping up the warfare, both offensively and defensively, while the unprejudiced reader will find himself interested, though perhaps a little bewildered, as a result of the investigations of Messrs. Wines and Koren. It is indeed a "liquor problem" to which the distinguished authors do not pretend to furnish any definite solution.

But no reader can fail to be impressed with the admirable impartiality and fairness with which the report has been made. There is a sobriety about it, unexpected in a temperance treatise. There are no hysterics, no evasions, no hesitation to report facts as found.

The report, which is historical, and treats only of the legislative aspects of the case, is made to a committee of prominent gentlemen, who are investigating the liquor question. Messrs. Wines and Koren give the history of the attempts to regulate the liquor traffic in this country and the results of prohibition in Maine and Iowa, of the South Carolina dispensary system, of the liquor laws of Pennsylvania and Indiana, and of local option in Massachusetts and Missouri.

Of the three systems,—dispensary, prohibition, and local option,—the latter seems to be decided upon as the fairest to all concerned, and the most effective in regulating liquor-selling without disagreeable attending circumstances.

Thus absolute prohibition, while it has succeeded in abolishing and preventing the local manufacture of liquor on a large scale, and has made it hard to obtain intoxicants, and so removed temptation from the young and weak, has still been found to fail to exclude intoxicants completely, even from districts where public sentiment has been favorable. Under prohibitory legislation in Maine and Iowa there have always been counties and municipalities in open and successful rebellion against the law. The United States laws, the industrial and medicinal demand for alcohol, and the freedom of interstate commerce, present difficulties that have never been overcome. On the other hand, there have been evils concomitant with prohibitory legislation of so grave a nature that

they cannot be overlooked. It had an unlooked-for effect on public respect for courts, oaths, and the law in general. The public, Messrs. Wines and Koren assert, have seen the law defied, a generation of habitual law-breakers schooled in shamelessness and evasion, courts rendered ineffective by political exigencies, delays and perjuries, officers of the law double-faced and mercenary, legislators timid and insincere, candidates hypocritical and truckling, and office-holders untrue to their pledges. This is a severe arraignment, but like the Sheriff of Nottingham in *Robin Hood*, Messrs. Wines and Koren "have the documents to prove it." The liquor traffic, being very profitable, has been able, they find, to fight prohibition with bribes, hush-money, and assessments for political purposes. This money, they think, has tended to corrupt the lower courts, police administrations, and even the electorate itself. The sight of justices, constables, and informers enforcing a prohibitory law only far enough to get their fees and fines, but not far enough to extinguish the traffic and so cut off their profits, is demoralizing to society at large. Perhaps all restrictive legislation, except the simple tax, is open to these objections, but prohibitory legislation is the worst of all in these respects. The question whether or not prohibition has reduced the consumption of intoxicants and diminished drunkenness is confessed to be, after all the investigation, a matter of opinion merely, and one on which the opinions vary widely.

In prohibition Maine, the city of Portland averages, exclusive of pocket peddlers, express companies, clubs, and private resorts, one public tippling-house to 219 inhabitants. In that city the saloons and hotel bars run practically "wide open," buying immunity from police interference with monthly bribes of fixed sums. When a raid is contemplated, the proprietor is always warned in advance. It is stated that in twelve hours forty drunken men passed a public hotel in Portland.

The fundamental conception of the South Carolina dispensary law is found to be ethically wrong, as it treats liquor-selling simply as a legitimate trade, by the monopolization of which the state can raise a large revenue. In addition to this objection there is the political one—the law giving the governor power to build up a formidable partisan organization, by appointing an unlimited number of constables to execute the one law.

Local option, then, would seem to be the best way now known to regulate liquor traffic, and the liquor law of Missouri, based on this principle, is highly commended. The most obvious advantage of the local-option law is, that the sentiment of the community which adopts prohibition of saloons will see that the law is enforced. Another advantage, however, is, that local option does not arouse the antagonism of the reputable liquor-drinking class which, in a local-option town, can provide itself with liquor from the nearest free market. This class, which opposes

state prohibition, is often found to uphold local option.

The report also touches strongly on the fact, that the severer the anti-liquor law is, and the more strictly it is enforced, the worse the quality of the liquor which is inevitably sold in all communities. In prohibition Maine, the liquor is frequently simply diluted alcohol of an inferior grade, and its ravages are terrific on the poor wretches who consume it.

The book is written in a clear and readable style, and the subject so handled as to arouse considerable interest, even in those not particularly concerned with it.

THE DECADENT'S PROGRESS THE YELLOW BOOK. A QUARTERLY. VOL. XII.— *John Lane: The Bodley Head.*

THE *Yellow Book* has suffered its three years of life, and therein has passed from Aubrey Beardsley to Ethel Reed. This may not appear a very acute transition, but the distance from the scortatory diagram with which Mr. Beardsley explained the purpose of the *Yellow Book* on the cover of Vol. I to the extremely sincere cover-design of Vol. XII is only apparent to those who compare the points. The *Yellow Book* has passed from strong drink to tea, and we confess that we are glad for the change that has carried it into its element.

For, to tell the truth, the *Yellow Book* as it began was extremely "young and curly." There was something essentially annoying in the persistency with which these young gentlemen forced their plans for a new code of immorality on the world. They were just a bit too strenuous about it. Their cheeks were too rosy, their voices too loud. They had too plainly read themselves into a pose. We were grateful when the *Savoy*—the Pink 'Un of Decadence—entered their field and stole the ground from them. The Pink 'Un decidedly proved its title to speak for the Decadents—they are classified as a society or trade union, like the dock-laborers—by flopping to a mournful death, Mr. Arthur Symons playing the Hindoo widow and entombing himself with the sad remains.

The *Yellow Book* for a year was Aubrey Beardsley, with comments by a number of gentlemen who have since decayed into Saturday Reviewers. Mr. Beardsley has now passed from the stage—not permanently, we hope. He is too fine a draughtsman to be lost to the world. When he forgets about literature—a degrading pastime that has led him to think like Johannes Secundus and write like Doctor Johnson—he will no doubt emerge for a new fame. And with Mr. Beardsley's passing, disappeared also the whole coterie that for a brief space made the *Yellow Book* yellow and the *Savoy* pink and the world blue. A few of them returned after a brief space, having donned the habiliments

of our sober, methodical life. We know not in what tea-tavern or in what orgies the others are gambling away their lives.

In only one respect does the *Yellow Book* to-day remind one of the *Yellow Book* of three years ago. Mr. Henry James is still true. His story of the *Death of the Lion* led the "literature"—it was "letter-press" then—of Vol. I. His story *He and She* is second in the contents of Vol. XII. Mr. James is no more decadent than Beacon Street or John Lane. He wrote in a style familiar to his readers for the better part of half a century. We can only explain his presence in that company by the physical theory of perfect stillness in the midst of a whirlwind. Mr. James was undisturbed by the noise.

In the present volume he is associated with William Watson, Henry Harland, Kenneth Grahame, Rosamund Marriott Watson, Richard Le Gallienne, and a number of other regenerated *Yellow Book* contributors. The illustrations are by no means equal to those in the early volumes, although they include a rather dexterous silver point by Patten Wilson and a "Bodley Head" of Miss Evelyn Sharp by E. A. Walton, admirable for deftness and refinement of treatment.

THE THACKERAYS IN INDIA

THE THACKERAYS IN INDIA, AND SOME CALCUTTA GRAVES.—By Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C. S.I., M.A., LL.D. Henry Frowde. \$1.00.

EVERY one has known from the days of his first *Hand Book of English Literature* that the great humorist, novelist, and poet Thackeray was born in Calcutta and that his father held official rank there. It has been reserved for Sir William Wilson Hunter to show how great a part the Thackerays, Bechers, and others of the author's kin had played for two generations in the struggles which added the Indian Empire to the British possessions. Painstaking investigations during a long residence in India, aided by an unpublished family history, have enabled Sir William to prepare a volume which will be a lasting gratification to the lovers of Thackeray, and a perpetual proof to the few without that vast array of the greatness of the nature that dwelt behind his beneficent cynicism.

The story of Thackeray's grandfather, the first of the family in the East, reads like a romance. He, too, was named William Makepeace, after an ancestor who is said to have been slain for his religious convictions in the days of Queen Mary. Arriving in India in 1766, amassing a competency during the ten years of his stay, the grandfather returned to England with his bride and settled at Hadley, in Middlesex, being then but twenty-six years old. He had married Amelia Richmond Webb, whose family was one of distinction in the military annals of England, her only brother, the





last of the name, having perished in the Revolutionary War while fighting for King George.

Of the twelve children born to this happy pair, all but one of those who reached sufficient age went to India. The Reverend Francis, remaining at home, is noteworthy as an author, writing delightful fairy stories, and, for those of larger growth, a history of Britain in the time of the Roman Empire, and that biography of Lord Chatham upon which Carlyle draws so heavily in his *Frederick the Great*. Two of the brothers gave up their lives for the Indian Empire, under circumstances of great gallantry, which earned the highest praise of the government for their memories; one died within a twelvemonth of his arrival, but not until he had written a clever Hindustani grammar in rhyme; another approved himself as an administrator of the first rank, while the four sisters were all married, in the East, to men of mark, as two of their father's sisters had been before them.

The novelist's father, Richmond, made an enviable reputation as a jurist and administrator, becoming secretary of the Board of Revenue. He married Anne Becher, the daughter of a family not less well known than his own, in India, for its abilities, but died in his thirty-third year, leaving a single child, a boy four years old, "destined to become the great-hearted satirist of our age, and the prime master of our full-grown English speech."

Concerning the nature Thackeray brought to his work, Sir William points out that for nearly two centuries the family had bred professional men, earning their livelihood by "sword, tongue, or pen." Twenty-four were in the army or navy, nineteen clergymen, nine lawyers, eight Indian civilians, seven physicians, and two Eton masters. Thackeray's great-grandfather was head master of Harrow, chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and archdeacon of Surrey. "In the generation immediately preceding the novelist, we have seen that at least four uncles and one aunt had literary gifts. Thackeray's genius was the flowering of a century and a half of family culture, a culture of which the beautiful after-efflorescence still blooms." Such a recital as this should go far to convince those who regard literary success as a mere matter of chance, that in reality the qualifications for it, like the first ingredient in Dr. Holmes's famous recipe for longevity, begin with a well-chosen ancestry.

We learn, too, that no less than three of his kinsmen were drawn upon by Thackeray for the characteristics of Colonel Newcome, and other details no less fascinating are given. Nor is the interest of the book confined to the novelist and his family. We catch glimpses of Sir Philip Francis, "Junius"; of Rose Aylmer, whom Landor loved and lost; of wise men, gallant lads, noble women, tender children, until the work is laid down with sorrow, only to be reread forthwith, lest pictures so admirably drawn slip from the memory. The volume deserves all praise.

SHALLOWS

BOUND IN SHALLOWS.—By Eva Wilder Brodhead. 12mo. Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.

A VERY pretty villain takes the center of the stage in this drama, but one so obviously and completely villainous that he should wear a somber cape and glower from beneath a broad slouch hat. The fact that he is able to ensnare the affections of several estimable individuals lends a charming atmosphere of mystery to the book, for Dillon is too weak and gentle to be a fascinating villain. "His sense of dramatic fitness is simply irreproachable," is the dignified Major's exasperated comment upon him; but the author does not achieve such distinction. It is only Bowery melodrama that Dillon represents; he uses lovely conventional similes; he trembles and grows pale at critical moments; he throws himself on the grass and weeps like a child when he wishes to simulate despair; and he expresses his lightest and his deepest emotions in appropriate quotations. If he were the only one of the puppets subject to these weaknesses, one might fancy them a legitimate part of a moderately accurate study of character. But he shares them with several others, who are supposed to be made of much firmer and sounder metal. And the result is that they, too, ring somewhat false. Lucy is an abstraction without blood in her veins, and her special kind of variableness is not convincingly a part of her. Alexa is more human and truer, though she becomes surprisingly sophisticated now and then. But the cleverest figure in the book, the one that redeems it from being commonplace, is Alexa's irrational, improvident, rattle-brained mother. She is quite different from the customary country woman of fiction, and her inconsequent talk is amusing.

In construction, the story has a curious way of jumping, without explanation, from one situation to another, leaving one floundering for a moment in midair. The familiar method, rather suggestive of the Bowery, of ending a chapter with a thrilling episode seems a good one to this writer. A venomous snake coiling to spring forms such a climax, and he is left in this unpleasant attitude while one readjusts the mind to another situation and different characters. In such fashion the story is saved from monotony. The pictures are ludicrously awkward.

AFTER LADY BURTON

A WRITER OF FICTION.—By Clive Holland. 8vo. Copeland and Day. \$1.00.

CLIVE HOLLAND has added another to the woes of the decadent. Lombroso, Krafft-Ebing, even Nordau himself, have not written avowed fiction-with-a-moral at him. This seems to have been reserved for an apparently innocuous person inditing a novelette with a title rather seductive than threatening. In it you

learn incidentally that when you are too jejune in thought to write anything else, you may be a wild success as a decadent author, especially if you are on the verge of insanity. And it seems that Lady Burton was quite right in burning Sir Richard's translations.

John Cardew, the author of twenty novels, is taught by bitter experience that he has no future before him. Cecily, his devoted wife, does all she can to keep the worries of a debt-burdened life from him, but enough slips by her, while she is doing fine needlework to support her family, to give the final touch of destruction to a mind enfeebled by overwork and despairing through frequent failure. Cardew has a fit in an eating-house, goes home, and sells the manuscript of a two-volume novel for twenty-five pounds; has another fit, waxes melancholy, sits down and writes surreptitiously a decadent story, takes it to a publisher who "pays special attention to that sort of thing," and dies—of "paralysis of the brain."

His widow discovers some recopied leaves of this work. "She glanced at them, quite casually at first; and then her eyes caught some words which riveted her attention, and finally brought a look of horrified amazement into her face. . . . It was all so horrible, this trampling upon all the beliefs she held dear, this tearing aside the veil and exhibiting to the curious public eye the sanctities of woman's nature, this laying bare of a woman's soul, as it were, with a scalpel."

She goes to the publisher forthwith. He offers her two hundred pounds down for the copy. She is penniless, but she refuses. He raises his price a hundred pounds. Her children are helpless and friendless, yet she expresses her determination to destroy the book. "Are you justified?" he asks, and adds: "It's a work of art; perhaps a little *cavire* to the general public, but still a powerful work." Still she persists, and the curtain falls when, after burning the manuscript, she goes "with a glad smile on her face into the chamber of her great loneliness."

As an antidote, we cordially recommend careful perusal of Mr. Andrew Lang's letter to Master François Rabelais.

A STORY BY WAGNER

A PILGRIMAGE TO BEETHOVEN.—By Richard Wagner. Translated by Otto W. Weyer. 12mo. Open Court Publishing Company. 50 cents.

THE combination of great names, and the distinguished patronage of Dr. Paul Carus and the *Open Court*, seem to demand attention for this book. It is therefore a little hard to discover that the fiction of Richard Wagner is merely commonplace. The story deals with a poor German musician who goes to Vienna to see the Master. On the way he encoun-

ters a burlesque English *milord* bound on the same errand. After some painfully comic trials, the wanderer finds himself face to face with Beethoven. Then for a page and a half the book is a real human document. The Master's dream of the perfect opera is Wagner's own, and it is this which gives such fervor to the poor musician's worship of Beethoven.

The style has the rapturous and exclamatory character which seems inevitable in all but the best German prose, and the book is valuable and interesting only as a curiosity of literature.

A FAIRY TALE

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE. A FAIRY TALE FOR TIRED MEN. By Max Beerbohm. 16mo. John Lane. 50 cents.

WITH an inspiration lightly drawn from M. Marcel Schwob's *Le Roi au Masque d'Or*, Mr. Max Beerbohm has constructed a "Bodley Booklet" entitled *The Happy Hypocrite*. It is a moral story of much inconsequence, written in delicate, sensitive, and pleasing English. It is essentially *précieux*, and quite unassuming in its insincerity. It portrays the ultimate triumph of virtue and a bitter reproof to vice, and is therefore described as a "Fairy Tale."

BOOKS RECEIVED

A DIPLOMAT IN LONDON.—Translated from the French of Charles Gavard. 12mo. Henry Holt & Co.

HANDBOOK OF THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY IN WASHINGTON.—Compiled by Herbert Small, with Essays on the Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting by Charles Coffin, and on the Function of a National Library by Ainsworth R. Spofford. 8vo. Curtis & Cameron. \$0.50.

BIBLIOTHECAS AMERICANA. A HANDBOOK ABOUT BOOKS WHICH RELATE TO BOOKS ABOUT AMERICA.—By George Watkins. 8vo. Indianapolis. \$0.25.

A PILGRIMAGE TO BEETHOVEN. A NOVEL.—By Richard Wagner. Translated by Otto W. Weyer. 12mo. The Open Court Publishing Co.

THE LIQUOR PROBLEM IN ITS LEGISLATIVE ASPECT.—By Dr. F. H. Wines and John Koren, Esq. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL.—By Frank Bailey Millard. 12mo. San Francisco: Myself-Rolling Co.

THE FORGE IN THE FOREST.—By Charles G. D. Roberts. 12mo. Lamson, Wolff & Co. \$1.50.

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